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PERIODICALS DEPARTMENT

EDITORIAL

AN ANTINUKE MESSAGE

Deadened over two decades by multiple images of mass demonstrations, Americans tend to be contemptuous of their purposes and cynical about their effects. But it is a serious mistake to dismiss the Easter weekend antinuclear marches and rallies across Europe (as many in the media and public office have done) as only the latest example of anti-Yankee sentiment or, worse, as a mindless embrace of Soviet foreign policy.

More than at any time since the end of World War II, people in Europe are struggling for survival. Their lives—or deaths—hang on the decisions of a handful of foreign potentates who control the nuclear war-making apparatus. The enormous life-and-death power of the nuclear oligarchs has rendered obsolete much of the logic and practice of traditional democratic institutions. Parliaments, elected officials and polite political parties have little influence on the ultimate decisions.

The broad European campaign has become a metademocratic means to wrest control of the politics of survival. Pundits complain of the movement's naïveté in the face of complex questions of strategy, diplomacy and technology. But in fact it is extraordinarily sophisticated. The movement wisely ignores President Reagan's deceptive diplomatic maneuvers, and it is learning to treat the Russians' manipulative countermoves with equal suspicion. For survival has nothing to do with a Reagan offer to "limit" the apocalypse by withholding a few Pershing 2s from West Germany, or with Soviet Foreign Minister Gromyko's reactive proposal to move some weapons around his sphere of influence.

The U.S. freeze and disarmament movements are discovering, too, that they can practice a kind of direct democracy. Readers interested in the dialogue between the European and U.S. campaigns should see the box on page 467.

EUROPE, RUSSIA & THE U.S. MISSILES
Norman Solomon

REPLY: PEACE IS A THIRD-WAY STREET
E. P. Thompson

THE 'BELLES LETTRES' PAPERS III
Frank Page

THE POEMS OF AMY CLAMPITT
Edmund White

AHARON APPELFELD'S 'TZILI'
Blair T. Birmelin

RESTIVE HAITI

THE CHURCH CHALLENGES BABY DOC

RAYMOND ALCIDE JOSEPH

For the first time in its history, the Duvalier dynasty in Haiti has begun discussions with Roman Catholic clergymen who openly criticize political repression and the pervasive inequalities that make the country one of the poorest in the world.

The church-state dialogue underscores the government's increasing isolation and the church's growing moral power on the island, about 80 percent of whose 6 million people are nominally Catholic. It does not mean, however, that the Duvalier regime is ready to change. Indeed, tensions between church and state could erupt into violence at any time. For the church's challenge threatens the foundations of the "life presidency" of 32-year-old Jean-Claude (Baby Doc) Duvalier, who inherited the office from his father, François (Papa Doc), in 1971.

Terrorists are now waging a bombing campaign in the capital of Port-au-Prince, and the government is shopping around for arms. The pieces of another Caribbean crisis are falling into place, and the Reagan Administration is making tentative noises of concern about yet another shaky country in an unstable region. But in Congress, some legislators are warning that they will actively oppose any military aid for Haiti.

After months of mounting tension and confrontation, the conflict between church and state in Haiti came to a head on March 18, when Archbishop François Wolf Ligondé and six bishops were summoned to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and Religion to meet with four ministers—Roger Lafontant, Jean-Marie Cha-

(*Continued on Page 481*)

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LETTERS.

THE GREAT HECKLING DEBATE

New York City

I will defend to the death Art Goldberg's right to speak his mind on the recent "heckling" of Jeane Kirkpatrick at the University of California at Berkeley, even though his reasoning is specious his conclusion is fallacious and both are offensive to the First Amendment ["Right to Heckle," *The Nation*, April 2].

Goldberg claims Kirkpatrick was subjected to a "collective heckle." In fact, as he concedes, she was at one point driven from the stage and the "heckle" was such that she canceled a second scheduled appearance. That doesn't trouble Goldberg; he says the real issue was not free speech but "Kirkpatrick's role as architect and executor of America's pro-authoritarian (her term) policy in Latin America"—a vast overstatement of the role of any U.N. representative.

This "issue," Goldberg whines, was "transformed" into one of free speech only by Kirkpatrick's criticism of her hecklers. Nonsense. The issue was and is her right to speak. Those who oppose her views, including me, have every right to heckle, to hold up placards, to demonstrate in dozens of ways, to boo and hiss, above all to stay away from her lecture. But the right to heckle does not include the right to prevent anyone from speaking his or her mind, or from being heard by those who want to listen (which wouldn't necessarily signal approval).

Goldberg attempts to justify the silencing of Kirkpatrick in several ways, all intellectually puerile. He claims her appearance "on a podium of honor provided a provocation Berkeley could hardly ignore." No, not Berkeley; only those as intolerant of Kirkpatrick's views as Art Goldberg. If that's a justification for silencing a speaker, would he defend a similar "collective heckle" that drove, say, Ramsey Clark from a "podium of honor"?

Not satisfied with slandering Berkeley, Goldberg defames the University of California, too: Kirkpatrick's appearance, he says, was "a political promotion endorsed by a university guest lectureship." That's ridiculous. Where on earth should the widest possible spectrum of views, including those that some will inevitably find obnoxious, be heard if not at a university—particularly a publicly funded university, most particularly the most distinguished publicly funded university in the country? Does the University of California promote fascism or communism when someone lectures about Hitler or Stalin?

Goldberg's most disreputable argument is that after the Kirkpatrick incident, "the competing claims of hecklers and lecturers remain unresolved." Nonsense again. There is a right to speak and a right to heckle, perhaps competing but never unresolved. It was not Jeane Kirkpatrick who silenced the hecklers; it was the hecklers who silenced the speaker, shaming themselves not only with that act but with tortured claims—like Art Goldberg's—that they were exercising their right to free speech while denying it to another.

Tom Wicker

GOLDBERG REPLIES

Berkeley, Calif.

Tom Wicker willfully ignores the facts and apparently doesn't understand the First Amendment. He conveniently forgets that Kirkpatrick did finish her speech, and then took it upon herself to cancel the second lecture. The following week she exhibited the same unwillingness to be challenged when she withdrew as Smith College's commencement speaker.

Kirkpatrick was on stage with a powerful microphone in a modern auditorium with superb acoustics. In the audience of more than 800, there were no more than thirty hecklers. Representative Ron Dellums, Tom Hayden, Rennie Davis and former Governor Jerry Brown have all been mercilessly heckled here without a word of protest from the Berkeley faculty or administrators or the media. Last year, faculty members heckled creationist Dwane Gish and placed a human skull on the podium as he spoke; Eldridge Cleaver was actually prevented from speaking, but again there was no protest.

This community is known for its contentious response to controversial speakers. Kirkpatrick could hardly have expected a tea party. Moreover, the university Wicker praises so highly still requires its teachers to sign loyalty oaths, and its campus police regularly record and videotape major student rallies.

In *Terminielle v. Chicago* (1949), the U.S. Supreme Court pointed out: "[A] function of free speech . . . is to invite disputes. It may indeed best serve its high purpose when it induces a condition of unrest, creates dissatisfaction . . . or even stirs people to anger."

In 1970, the California Supreme Court overturned the conviction of a group of United Farmworker supporters who had relentlessly heckled Representative John Tunney during a speech by rhythmically clapping, booing and chanting.

Its landmark 6-to-1 decision *In Re: Kay* declares: "Audience activities such as heckling, interrupting, harsh questioning and booing, even though they may be impolite and discourteous, can nonetheless advance the goals of the First Amendment. For many citizens, such participation in public meetings . . . may constitute the only manner in which they can express their views to a large number of people; the Constitution does not require that the effective expression of ideas be restricted to rigid and predetermined patterns. . . .

"An unfavorable reception such as that given Congressman Tunney . . . represents one important method by which an office holder's constituents can register disapproval of his conduct and seek redress of grievances. The First Amendment contemplates a debate of important public issues; its protection can hardly be narrowed to the meeting at which the audience must passively listen to a single point of view. . . .

"The very possibility of adverse audience reaction may aid in the correction of evil which would otherwise escape opposition. . . . Although a public official usually occupies a far better position than the ordinary citizen to publicize his views by the communications media, those who disagree with such an official may be able to proclaim disagreement by criticism to his face. Audience response, moreover, may force a speaker to discuss a difficult issue that he may wish to avoid."

The misplaced concern for Kirkpatrick's rights only obscures the odiousness of U.S. policies in El Salvador and Latin America.

Art Goldberg

HEALTH-CARE REGULATION

Washington, D.C.

I read with interest Daniel Ben-Horin's illuminating account of the victimization of health insurance policyholders by multiple employer trusts ["Tales of a Health Insurance Groupie," *The Nation*, Jan. 22]. Fortunately, Congress has remedied the situation Ben-Horin described.

An amendment Representative John Erlenborn and I wrote, which became law in January, provides that states can regulate these fly-by-night operators, who have bilked innocent workers. Prior to this time, when individual states attempted to regulate these companies, they were frustrated by the claim, usually false, that Federal law prevented the states from acting. Our legislation enables the Federal government to make sure these health plans are sound and secure. Consequently, Ben-Horin's colleagues, and other health-care consumers, should no longer suffer from the deceptive practices of multiple employer trusts.

Phillip Burton, Chair
House Subcommittee on
Labor-Management Relations

SENIOR SUBSCRIBER

Tallahassee, Fla.

I will be 95 in April 1983. Am possibly one of the oldest living readers of *The Nation*. I found it in the Carnegie Library in Little Rock, Arkansas, in 1912 when I—a country boy—went to the city to seek my fortune. My father was a Confederate soldier—wounded—leg amputated at Corinth, Mississippi. He died when I was 13, in 1901.

Virgil H. Conner

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CONTENTS.

Volume 236, Number 15

LETTERS
464

EDITORIALS
463 An Antinuke Message
465 The Amnesty Ploy
466 The Mayor's Race
466 Grenadian Menace
467 Dialing for $$ *Dave Lindorff*
468 *Minority Report* *Christopher Hitchens*

ARTICLE
463 Restive Haiti: The Church Challenges Baby Doc *Raymond Alcide Joseph*

EXCHANGE
469 Letter to E. P. Thompson: Europe, Russia & The U.S. Missiles *Norman Solomon*
472 Reply From Europe: Peace Is a Third-Way Street *E. P. Thompson*

BOOKS & THE ARTS
483 The 25 Best Writers in America *Frank Page*
485 Clampitt: The Kingfisher *Edmund White*
486 Appelfeld: Tzili: The Story of a Life *Blair T. Birmelin*
488 Book Notes
489 Art *Sheila Sinclair*
489 Films *Robert Hatch*

Drawings by J-C Suarès

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EDITORIALS.

The Amnesty Ploy

The leaders of El Salvador's Constituent Assembly are preparing legislation that would grant amnesty to all rebels who agree to lay down their arms and inform on their comrades. These tender mercies are offered without a sense of irony or shame—or, for that matter, without the slightest hope of acceptance. But then the law is not really directed at the rebels, who are making impressive gains on the battlefield, but at public and Congressional opinion in the United States, which may ultimately determine the outcome of the Salvadoran civil war.

The amnesty bill was written by a certain Don Francisco Quiñonez, a millionaire oligarch who runs the Salvadoran Peace Commission, officially dedicated to "national reconciliation." This is the same Quiñonez who is reportedly a major financier of the right-wing "death squads," which are responsible for much of the slaughter he now ostensibly seeks to end. Quiñonez insists the death squads do not exist; he has called claims to the contrary "baloney." Nevertheless, some 40,000 civilians have been executed in the last three years, and the grim total is growing at the rate of 300 weekly.

Besides Don Francisco, supporters of the amnesty offer include Constituent Assembly president Roberto d'Aubuisson (for whom the Homeric epithet "pathological killer" was coined by former U.S. Ambassador Robert White), Defense Minister Gen. José Guillermo García (the country's virtual *caudillo*) and National Police Chief Reynaldo Lopez Nuila. It is to them that the rebels would surrender, an act that seems more like suicide than a plea for

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amnesty. The disarmed guerrillas would then have to give their former torturers a list of their fellow rebels. It hardly seems a practical scenario for reconciliation.

Most of the hundreds of political prisoners already in jail in El Salvador would not be covered by the law; they are "detained" under National Security Decree 507, which requires no charge and mandates no sentence. They thus would remain in a legal and logical limbo where amnesty and reconciliation do not apply.

Members of the Salvadoran Catholic Church's human rights office say that the amnesty legislation is a "political move" designed to assist President Reagan in his attempt to get Congressional approval for $110 million worth of military aid to stop the rebel advance. For the war is going badly for the regime. Its army suffered its biggest defeat in three years on March 30, when elements of the "elite" Belloso Battalion were ambushed in Morazán province, a guerrilla stronghold. The Belloso Battalion is one of three such Salvadoran units trained at the John F. Kennedy School of Special Warfare at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, the center of counterinsurgency instruction for the American campaign to defeat revolutionary movements and topple governments in the Third World.

The Belloso is the best the Salvadoran regime has to offer. If it cannot stop the guerrillas—if, indeed, it suffered the hundred or so casualties reported in Morazán—the government leaders are going to have to throw a lot more weight than an amnesty law, and it will be up to Congress to decide if the fight deserves more support.

The Mayor's Race

On April 4, the fifteenth anniversary of the assassination of Martin Luther King Jr. was commemorated. On April 12, Chicagoans went to the polls to choose a mayor. The proximity of the King anniversary to Easter Sunday gave it religious overtones appropriate to his martyrdom. But the message of resurrection to be found in King's death is that his spirit lives on whenever and wherever black people make progress. An example of the kind of progress he fought for would be the election of Chicago's first black mayor. Although at this writing we don't know the outcome of the election, we hope that it turned out the way King would have wanted—especially since some of his most courageous campaigns against poverty and racism took place in Chicago in the 1960s.

Were he alive today, King would have found depressingly familiar the racist cloud that hung over the city during the campaign. The spectacle of the ward heelers of Chicago's supposedly well-disciplined Democratic machine falling all over themselves to disavow their party's candidate was perhaps the most egregious emission—even more noxious than the demonstrations against Harold Washington and Walter Mondale on Palm Sunday by sudden converts to Republicanism in a Northwest neighborhood.

At least the racism of the people who jeered and waved placards was out in the open, though a cynic might offer as an excuse for the politicians' behavior the fact that Washington is a reformer who threatens their spoils system. But even the cynical argument will no longer wash because Federal Judge Nicholas Bua ruled last week that Chicago's patronage system was unconstitutional. Even if Washington is a boodler in reformer's clothing (and we don't think he is), Chicago's next mayor will be playing the game under different rules.

The thesis was recently advanced by *New York Times* columnist William Safire that since Chicago blacks would vote as a bloc, it would not be racist for whites to do likewise. This argument amounts to saying a right justifies continuing wrongs. Not all voters who oppose Washington do so on racial grounds, but as the *Chicago Tribune* fretted more than two weeks ago, "Unless something changes soon, Chicago's mayoral election will be decided on the issue of race." The city's machine politicians were emblematic of this racism. Protecting neither their spoils nor the well-known virtuous reputation of the Chicago Democracy from association with a convicted tax-dodger, they were acting out of other motives. Their aim was to sabotage a black candidate because he was black, and they reflected the coarser sentiments of the anti-Washington demonstrators in the neighborhoods. We have a hunch that neither group speaks for the City of Chicago.

Grenadian Menace

The Soviet Union may be the "focus of evil" in the world, but President Reagan likes to zoom in on some of the smaller outposts of devilry as he finds them. It would be hard to isolate one as infinitesimal as the island nation of Grenada, a Caribbean jewel of some 110,000 souls, but indeed Reagan picked that very spot in his televised speech on March 23:

> On the small island of Grenada . . . the Cubans, with Soviet financing and backing, are in the process of building an airfield with a 10,000 foot runway. Grenada doesn't even have an air force. . . . More than half of all American oil imports now pass through the Caribbean. The rapid build-up of Grenada's military potential is unrelated to any conceivable threat. . . . The Soviet-Cuban militarization of Grenada . . . can only be seen as power projection into the region. . . .

Demonology aside, Reagan's vision of a Grenadian threat is utterly fraudulent. In 1982, the European Economic Community granted Grenada $16 million to boost its tourist industry after a World Bank study concluded that tourism was Grenada's main hope for financial solvency.

With help from Nigeria, Venezuela, Cuba and other countries, as well as from the E.E.C., the airport is now almost completed. The "10,000 foot runway" (the true measure is 9,500 feet) will replace the one at the minuscule Pearls Airport, twenty-four miles from the capital, St. George's, via a winding mountain road. Pearls is equipped to handle only small propeller-plane flights from neighboring islands.

Grenada's needs are commensurate with those of nearby

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islands that have cashed in on the Caribbean tourist boom. None of the other resort islands have air forces, either. The following table offers some comparison:

ISLAND	RUNWAY LENGTH (in feet)	POPULATION	LAND MASS (in square miles)
Aruba	9,000	64,000	69
Antigua	13,000	75,000	171
Barbados	11,000	275,000	166
Curaçao	13,000	160,000	173
St. Lucia	9,000	124,000	238
Grenada	9,500	110,000	133

The excavation work on the Grenada airport is in the hands of the Layne Dredging Company, of Florida, not known to be a Soviet enterprise. The airport's communications system is being installed by Plessey, a British firm. The Cubans are donating labor and machinery. After the airport is completed, the machinery will be given to Grenada to use for road work. There is no evidence of Soviet financial aid or participation in the project, although the Grenadians could certainly use help from all sources.

Reagan's criticism of the project is explicable only in the twisted political terms he finds so reassuring. In 1979, a revolution overthrew the repressive regime of Eric (Uncle) Gairy, a dictatorship supported and supplied by Chile's General Pinochet. Gairy then removed to California, where he is presumably engaged in exporting counter-revolution when not observing flying saucers, his true métier. In Grenada, meanwhile, Prime Minister Maurice Bishop has maintained a mixed economy, instituted a program of agricultural reform, improved social services, built up the tourist industry (see above), continued to trade freely with Europe and a range of Latin American countries, and brought his New Jewel Movement into the independent and moderate International Socialists, which excludes the dread Marxist-Leninist parties. All this has been accomplished in the face of persistent ham-handed attempts by the Administration to isolate Grenada from its trading partners.

In fact, one of the most aggressive acts perpetrated by the United States was the (successful) effort to dissuade several countries, including West Germany, France, Italy and the Netherlands, from attending the E.E.C. conference that considered Grenada's request for aid to build the airport. Perhaps if Reagan had let his friends go to the meeting, he would have heard that the project is intended to bring American bathers, rather than Soviet Backfires, to Grenada's beaches.

Dialing for $$

Few Americans attributed the increase in their phone bills this January to a war tax, but that's what the 2 percent rise in the Federal excise tax on long-distance phone calls was. When he asked Congress to hike the rate to 3 percent last year, Ronald Reagan became the latest in a long line of Presidents who have called on the nation's phone users to help pay for military spending.

The last one to tap phone revenues was Lyndon Johnson. In 1966, faced with the growing deficit created by the cost of the Vietnam War yet reluctant to raise income taxes to finance an unpopular war, Johnson pushed through an increase in the phone tax—from 3 percent to 10 percent—with the help of House Ways and Means Committee chairman Wilbur Mills.

When the Vietnam War was over, Congress began phasing out the tax at the rate of 1 percent a year, and by 1979 it stood at only 2 percent. President Carter, however, wanted to boost defense spending, so he asked Congress to extend the 2 percent rate for another year, after which the phase-out would resume.

But President Reagan, in a little-noticed provision of his Economic Recovery Tax Act, called for retaining the 2 percent rate in 1981, then lowering it to 1 percent through 1984. When his record defense budget began generating record deficits, however, he asked for the 2 percent raise in 1983, which should bring in an additional $1.3 billion.

The use of the excise levy on phone bills as a war tax goes back to World War I, when, according to A.T.&T. spokesman Richard Gray, the tax was first imposed. It was repealed immediately after the war ended, and wasn't revived until the nation began to rearm in the late 1930s. By the 1940s, it had jumped to 15 percent on local calls and 25 percent on long-distance calls, and it was as high as 10 percent during the 1950s, when the defense budget ballooned to finance the Korean War and the arms race against the Soviet Union.

During the Vietnam War, many antiwar groups—most notably the War Resisters League—asked people to refuse to pay the tax as a protest against U.S. involvement. According to the Internal Revenue Service, some 50,000 to 100,000 responded, but the W.R.L. claims the figure was closer to half a million. A few nonpayers had their paychecks attached or their automobiles impounded by the I.R.S., but the vast majority of protesters escaped punishment. It just wasn't cost-effective for the I.R.S. to pursue individual protesters to collect $10 or $20. And it is illegal for the phone company to disconnect a customer's phone for nonpayment of taxes, as long as the *company*'s share of the bill is paid.

The War Resisters League is mounting a new assault on the war tax. A coalition called the National War Tax Resistance Organization met in San Francisco last month to discuss strategy, and the group decided it will call on people not to pay their Federal phone taxes. The new call should get a ringing response.

DAVE LINDORFF

Dave Lindorff is a member of the Organizing Committee for a National Writers Union.

'PROTEST AND SURVIVE' FORUMS

Washington, D.C. Speaker: E.P. Thompson. April 12, 8 P.M., National Education Association Auditorium, 1201 16th Street NW (202-234-9382 for tickets).

New York City. Speakers: E.P. Thompson and Randall Forsberg, with Studs Terkel. April 13, 8 P.M., Beacon Theater, Broadway at 74th Street.

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MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

All efforts to make the Central Intelligence Agency disgorge the list of books that it has covertly "sponsored" have, so far, been in vain. But, thanks to the tenacity of one disinformation victim, we can reconstruct at least one example of the method, if that's not too polite a word, by which the agency acts to influence publishing in the United States.

In the fall of 1971, an anonymous memorandum was delivered to House Speaker Carl Albert. It consisted of a crude but detailed character assassination, directed at one Elias Demetracopoulos. Demetracopoulos was then a highly adept and successful campaigner against the fascist junta ruling his native Greece. He had scored considerable victories on the Hill and in the press, and had become an embarrassment to the American patrons of the dictatorship, notably Spiro Agnew and Tom Pappas (who offered his Greek business fortune as hush money for the Watergate burglars). The memorandum was written, we now know, by George Churchill of the State Department's Greek desk and was based on "raw and unevaluated" documents from the C.I.A. and its Greek sister organization, the K.Y.P. It suggested that Demetracopoulos had dubious ties that have "caused friction in Greek-American relations." Since all the allegations in the memorandum were provably false, and since Demetracopoulos threatened to sue, he became the first and only victim of the Nixon dirty tricks team to receive a written apology from the White House.

This ought to have been the end of the story. But, according to an October 1976 letter from Senator George McGovern to Intelligence Committee chairman Daniel Inouye, it wasn't. McGovern charged that Demetracopoulos had been threatened with deportation by Attorney General John Mitchell and menaced by a K.Y.P. kidnapping scheme (with C.I.A. connivance), and that "slanderous raw material and disinformation from CIA operatives" had been given to Russell Warren Howe and Sarah Trott for their book, *The Power Peddlers*, a purported study of special interest groups in Washington, which was published in February 1977. In that work, several C.I.A. lies concerning Demetracopoulos are repeated—to the effect that he had concealed his past and his associations, and was personally untrustworthy. Years of requests, under the Freedom of Information Act, to the C.I.A. have failed to produce a single document corroborating those allegations. But we have the testimony of Kenneth William Lang, the contracts manager in the publishing division at Doubleday, who wrote to a protesting Demetracopoulos:

> The authors have assured us that their source was a highly reliable government official and that the same and similar information had been provided by other CIA and government officials.

More is at stake here than the persistent hounding and defamation of an honorable dissident, who has not been forgiven for being right about the Greek junta. The C.I.A. is forbidden by its charter to intervene in American internal affairs—let alone American publishing. When it subsidized Forum World Features (and its predecessors), which employed Howe for fourteen years, it polluted journalism in London, rather than on American soil. (Howe wrote a long piece for *More* magazine in 1978, describing his years at Forum as the career of an "unwitting asset." But the true nature of the operation could have been learned years earlier by anyone inquiring about it.)

Why did the agency continue to concern itself with the Greek opposition long after its client junta had collapsed? The answer is that it sought to discredit and isolate the forces calling for an embargo on arms to Turkey. The Turks had, with their military occupation of Cyprus, replaced the fallen junta as the most "reliable" ally in the region. But Congress, appalled at the results of "Presidential" foreign policy and dismayed at the brutal illegality of the Turkish action in Cyprus, imposed a cutoff of military aid. No artifice was spared in getting rid of this embarrassment. Today, Turkey has all the arms it wants. George Shultz recently rated it among America's top six overseas commitments and said that aid to Turkey costs each American taxpayer $1.77 per year. It even has its own military government. And Howe, who had been an Africa specialist for most of his career, now writes almost full time on Turkish affairs. He has addressed official Turkish gatherings in Ankara and Washington, urging the development of a Turkish lobby, mentioning Elias Demetracopoulos by name, both as the enemy and as the model to be emulated. He has written the copy for advertisements about Turkey appearing in U.S. newspapers. And *The Washington Times* covers Turkey most exhaustively, usually under Howe's byline. It's a poor week when it does not carry a defense of Gen. Kenan Evren's ruling junta, an "exclusive" interview with him or one of his circle, or an attack on the governments of Greece and Cyprus. I have written in these pages before on the way *The Washington Times* acts as a conduit for the views of various right-wing cults and intelligence services. Given the apparent diversification of the C.I.A.'s involvement in the publishing business, it's no wonder that its director continues to insist that it be exempt from the Freedom of Information Act.

* * * * *

On September 13, 1975, William Casey, then president of the Ex-Im Bank, wrote to President Gerald Ford as follows:

> Dear Mr. President:
> You should read this. To me it's an astonishing story of an unauthorized war, dwarfing anything that may have been done in Chile. I'm amazed that it has raised so little attention in the press and, apparently, also on the Hill. This is especially so since it appears to be authenticated by people like George Ball and Ray Cline, who was C.I.A. deputy director for intelligence at the time.

Attached was the excellent article in *Harper's* by Taylor Branch and George Crile, telling how the Kennedys tried to murder Castro and overthrow his government. I thought I would share this nugget from the Ford library in the week when it has become obvious that Casey and his President are waging a shameful war against the Nicaraguan revolution.

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EXCHANGE.

LETTER TO E.P. THOMPSON

Europe, Russia & The U.S. Missiles

NORMAN SOLOMON

We have now been warned against "fellow-traveling sentimentalism" by a social historian who is described on the cover of the American edition of his latest book as "the leader of the European nuclear disarmament movement . . . benefitting from much the same moral stature and symbolic importance" as did Bertrand Russell during the 1950s. E.P. Thompson's writings on the nuclear arms race have indeed been illuminating and have greatly aided the cause of peace. But his most recent missive, "END and the Soviet 'Peace Offensive'" (*The Nation*, February 26), is chilling in an unexpected way.

Thompson cautions peace activists not to become unwitting pawns of Soviet dictators. There are repeated references to somnambulism and "the sleepwalkers in the peace movement," a metaphor apt to raise far fewer hackles than the out-of-fashion word "dupes." One must assume that an accomplished writer like Thompson chooses his inferences with care when he warns American readers, "Neither moralism nor fellow-traveling sentimentalism can be of any service in guiding the peace movement in its difficult relations with the Communist states."

Taking a plague-on-both-your-houses attitude toward the two strongest superpowers, Thompson contends that with the Soviet bloc, "We are dealing, just as we are with the NATO states, with powerful entrenched military interests and with leaders who seek to advance their own objectives. The problem with the Communist rulers is that they are the ideological look-alikes of their opposite numbers in the West, thinking in the same terms of 'balance' and security through 'strength.'" But that portrayal, a centerpiece of Thompson's argument, has been contradicted by Soviet dissident Roy Medvedev, whom Thompson mentions only as a "distinguished historian" currently being harassed by the Kremlin for purported "anti-Soviet activities," a status which presumably exempts Medvedev from suspicion of "fellow-traveling sentimentalism."

Thompson insists, "It is futile for the peace movement to place its trust in any heavily armed nuclear state, and especially in one where the information available to its citizens is strictly controlled and where public opinion can scarcely influence the rulers." But Roy Medvedev and his brother, Zhores Medvedev, in an article in *The Nation* last year ("A Nuclear *Samizdat* on America's Arms Race," January 16, 1982), responded to Thompson's previous articles by drawing a sharp distinction between the Soviet Union's internal repression and its nuclear weapons policies. While acknowledging the Soviet government's tyrannical restrictions inside the country, the Medvedevs observed that "despite the more open character of American society . . . the role of successive U.S. administrations has been, and continues to be, more provocative and less predictable than the Soviet Union's in the global interrelationship between East and West." And they added: "Military-industrial complexes exist in all modern industrial societies, but they are under much less responsible control in the United States than in the U.S.S.R."

Is Thompson right in saying that the availability of information and the impact of public opinion are vital criteria for determining the trustworthiness of a nuclear state? Consider the United States, which claims to be among the freest nations in the world. It was responsible for attacking Japanese civilians with atomic bombs, developing the hydrogen bomb, introducing MIRVs and deploying an unprecedentedly genocidal weapon like the Trident, as well as planning the deployment of cruise and Pershing 2 missiles. What good was America's relative internal freedom to the people of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and later to the people of the Marshall Islands and to those who lived downwind of the Nevada Test Site, citizens in a "democracy"? They were considered expendable by a government that congratulates itself on making "information available to its citizens" and that claims to heed public opinion on nuclear weapons policies. One need only read transcripts of meetings of the Atomic Energy Commission (which were classified for a quarter-century) to learn about the low regard America's nuclear policy makers had for public opinion and governmental disclosure of information. There is no reason to believe that the underlying approach has changed since then.

Three years ago I visited Yucca Flat and its environs in the southern Nevada desert, where about 600 nuclear bombs have been exploded since 1951. (I take this number from the Energy Department's list, "Announced United States Nuclear Tests," which, by the way, includes the atomic bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki.) I have no doubt that the American officials I interviewed at the test site, with their references to nuclear "devices" going off underground and their thinly veiled enthusiasm for the arms race, have their counterparts within the Soviet establishment.

But the record of recent years is clear: the U.S. government has blocked the adoption of a verifiable comprehensive test ban agreement painstakingly worked out by U.S. and Soviet negotiators in Geneva during the late 1970s. The Carter Administration backed off from signing such a treaty, and then the Reagan Administration broke off the negotiations. The Kremlin's willingness to ban underground nu-

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clear tests exists alongside its repeated pledges not to be the first to use nuclear weapons in warfare. (One should note that the United States has never made such a pledge, which McGeorge Bundy and Robert McNamara have said "would bring new hope to everyone in every country whose life is shadowed by the hideous possibility of a third great twentieth-century conflict in Europe—conventional or nuclear.") Are these overtures to be dismissed as mere propagandistic blather in the Russian "peace offensive"? That the Soviet effort has been greeted with derision or abiding suspicion by those who revel in the cold war comes as no surprise. But we might hope for more from those who speak of moving beyond it.

George Kennan, former U.S. Ambassador to Russia, who surely can be said to have some understanding of the Soviet character, put the matter well in a speech at Dartmouth College in November 1981: "If we insist on demonizing these Soviet leaders—on viewing them as total and incorrigible enemies, consumed only with their fear or hatred of us and dedicated to nothing other than our destruction—that, in the end, is the way we shall assuredly have them, if for no other reason than that our view of them allows for nothing else, either for us or for them." Kennan's admonition that it is vital "to correct our tendency to see in the Soviet Union only a mirror in which we look for the reflection of our own superior virtue" is relevant not only to those urging further nuclear weapons production under Old Glory and the Union Jack but also to those championing an international third force to challenge the nuclear madness centered in Washington and Moscow.

Thompson has argued that the origins of the East-West conflict are now largely beside the point: mentalities are the same in the White House and the Kremlin; the cold war has become its own reason for being; and both superpowers are wedded to "exterminism." Any Soviet reference to self-perceived defensive needs to match the U.S. nuclear buildup is, he says, to be recognized as rhetorical window dressing to hide exterminist bomb-making. But the Medvedevs pointed out something that is easy to forget in the West—indeed, our mass media rarely take pains to remind us:

> Historically, the U.S.S.R. has never been able to pioneer a single new weapons technology since 1945 (its brief satellite advance of 1957-58 remained nonmilitary and was rapidly overtaken by the United States; today the Soviet Union no longer even tries to compete in planetary exploration). At every stage, America has been ahead, taking the technological lead and obliging the Soviet Union to try to catch up. This permanent dynamic has structured Russian responses deeply, creating a pervasive inferiority complex that has probably prevailed over rational calculations in the 1970s.

This "permanent dynamic" is still with us. The development of swift, highly accurate, first-strike-capable counterforce weapons by the United States must cause genuine alarm in Moscow. The weaponry of NATO's "modernization," particularly the cruise missile, "represents for the Soviet leadership a *qualitative* jump in the arms race, because it embodies a totally new technology that is far in advance of anything the U.S.S.R. could hope to emulate in the short run," the Medvedevs wrote in *The Nation.* Thompson urges the Russians to "please cut the blather and start dismantling the first 100 SS-20s" *now*, even while NATO remains committed to the deployment of Pershing 2s and cruises this winter. Yet the Medvedevs noted that "the SS-20s which the Soviet Union is now deploying represent part of the belated Russian response to America's MIRVing of its warheads a decade ago—a decision in Moscow whose results started to come off the production line only in the late 1970s, but which dates back to the time of SALT I."

Thompson appears to be claiming that if the Western peace movement takes this history into account, it will deal itself into a partnership with the Kremlin, in which case "the game will end—as it always does with popular movements—in our being sold down the river by our partner." But surely an international peace movement could stay independent of all superpowers while acknowledging that the United States has always led the nuclear arms race, and that it continues to act in a way that makes it the most dangerous nuclear power.

The Russians' essential perfidy is repeatedly alluded to by Thompson in references to repression in satellite countries like Hungary, Czechoslovakia and Poland. We are encouraged to think that what happens in Eastern Europe is an index of the Kremlin's sincerity about wanting a halt to the nuclear arms race. But if we talk about Budapest, Prague and Warsaw, let us also talk about Santo Domingo, Santiago and the countrysides of El Salvador and Guatemala (where the United States has been helping to finance an extermination drive against the Maya Indians). U.S. control of its client states is often more concealed than the Soviet Union's, but it is hardly less contemptuous of human life and freedom. By Thompson's criteria, peace activists worldwide should assume the worst about U.S. officials' intentions to prevent nuclear war.

Thompson also finds Soviet domestic policies an obstacle to trust. He suggests that Soviet leaders might help thaw "relations between peoples" by opening "the doors of some prisons and psychiatric institutes," but he says nothing about what goes on behind bars in the United States. Citizens whose antinuclear protests nonviolently step out of prescribed bounds can end up incarcerated for months—in the long run sometimes years—in the land of the free. And from firsthand observations made during a few weeks spent in several U.S. jails, I can assure him that even the better ones routinely cage many thousands of prisoners.

While granting that the recent "plethora of Soviet peace proposals" are in many cases "good, and to the advantage of the people on both sides," Thompson stresses: "What is wrong is what the proposals do *not* offer (or what they close off from discussion) and their manipulation of European domestic politics to the advantage of the Soviet Union." Leaving aside the extensive history of what might euphemistically be called "manipulation" of domestic politics around the world by the United States, one is tempted to hold Thompson accountable for several grievous omissions, such as the Russians' comparatively exemplary position on a comprehensive test ban, their pledge not to be the first to use nuclear weapons and the significant differences between

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SS-20s and Pershing 2s, particularly in historical context. In addition, it is worth pondering that Thompson devotes rigorous attention to Soviet-sponsored repression in client states primarily populated by white Europeans, but ignores repression in U.S. client states populated largely by non-whites.

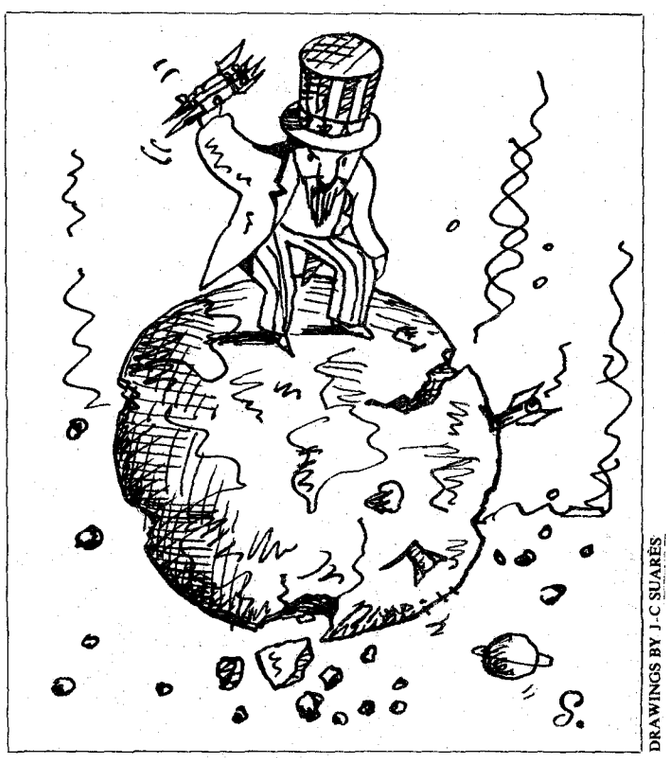
Thompson's selective consideration of human rights conditions is contained in an essay that lists setting "nations free from their client status" as being among the Western peace movement's desires that "go along with disarmament, both as precondition and as consequence." Unfortunately, we peace activists tend to be influenced by prevailing cultural and political biases, preoccupied with favorite struggles for freedom. Thus, for English-speaking whites in the West, it is all too easy to presume that the twinned international efforts for peace and freedom are more undermined by the jailing of a dissident in Prague or Moscow than by the execution of political prisoners in Guatemala or the Philippines, though a nuclear superpower is responsible in each instance. This Eurocentric fixation, which might more accurately be termed a European and North American fixation, is especially harmful when freedom within client states is consulted as a barometer of the Kremlin's trustworthiness vis-à-vis disarmament issues, while no such measurement is applied to goings-on in U.S.-dominated countries. Their dissent routinely silenced by machine guns and their suffering underwritten by U.S. largesse, millions in the Third World have reason to fear nonnuclear as well as nuclear militarism subsidized by the United States.

Both the White House and the Kremlin are giving orders that result in the repression of human rights and that menace human life. Those policies should always be opposed. The freedoms Americans possess have failed to appreciably restrain their government from leading the way toward the annihilation of life on this planet. The fact that I am generally free to distribute leaflets on American street corners (although I am not free, I have found, to place my body on roadways leading to nuclear installations) has little relationship to humanity's freedom to live without the ever-present shadow of extinction caused by the U.S.-led arms race. Conversely, the Kremlin's deplorable harassment of its critics inside the Soviet Union does not mean that it is incapable of making constructive moves toward disarmament, or that in recent years it has not done so.

In fairness to Thompson, it should be said that he has made clear he believes the peace movement must choose its own course of action and that no leader can make decisions for it. Nonetheless, in his latest essay he seems a bit like a choreographer who sees the dancers on stage departing from his favored score. A few months ago, the annual conference of the British Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament narrowly approved a resolution calling for Britain's withdrawal from NATO—a resolution Thompson strongly opposed on the ground that such a position should be combined with advocacy of the dismantlement of the Warsaw Pact. The idea of U.S. withdrawal from NATO is virtually unheard-of in the American peace movement, presumably because it is a contradiction in terms, like a meatless hamburger. But the underlying issues are common within the U.S. movement: To what extent should peace activists couple denunciations of U.S. nuclear policies with denunciations of those of the Soviet Union?

The fact is that U.S. citizens are in the best position to influence their own government. And the history of the nuclear arms race ought to guide our present demands. In the United States, it is politically palatable to depict U.S. and Soviet heads of state as equally obdurate meanies, insensitive to the world's peril, who must be awakened to the dangers of nuclear war and convinced to change their equally mad courses. This approach has great appeal, and has been put to good use by the nuclear freeze movement. It helps get citizens to sign petitions, and it warms the movement's rapport with hesitant politicians. The only trouble is that this depiction is not historically accurate, and it obscures the current crisis instead of clarifying it.

This ultimately debilitating fog is popular largely because many peace-oriented Americans are fearful of being accused of "fellow-traveling sentimentalism." Such pejorative phrases too often insinuate themselves into debates about how best to prevent the planet from being blown up. Thirty-five years ago, there was in the United States a rare substantive national dialogue on America's cold war policies, the conceptual basis for the nuclear weapons Frankenstein then in its infancy. The year 1948 began with great hopes for peace, and ended with the drumbeat of anti-Soviet fervor. American society marched into a cul-de-sac from which it has never really escaped. This crippling of open discussion about America's common interests with the Soviet Union was, of course, contributed to by both conservatives and moderates like President Truman. But a crucial role in poisoning the debate was played by liberal organiza-



DRAWINGS BY J.C SUARÈS

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tions like Americans for Democratic Action, forward-looking labor chiefs like Philip Murray and Walter Reuther, and pundits like Arthur Schlesinger Jr. and Joseph Alsop.

Liberal politicians attracted recruits to the cold war by lambasting recalcitrant former allies among progressives for their propensity to sleepwalk, one might say, in the face of mendacious maneuvering by Soviet totalitarians. The man who had been Vice President during most of World War II, Henry Wallace, glimpsed the desolate road of confrontational brinkmanship being taken by the Truman Administration. Wallace's dissent from that dangerous path, his insistence that Soviet rulers should not be viewed as devils incarnate, led him out of the Truman Cabinet and into a new-party campaign for the Presidency in 1948. That year's Red-baiting set the tone of political discourse in nuclear-age America. As Richard Walton documents in his book *Henry Wallace, Harry Truman, and the Cold War*, much of the Red-baiting was done by liberals.

"Henry Wallace's silence on the Soviets' aggressions, their vetoes, their deliberate falsehoods, their repression of even minimal civil rights is deafening," proclaimed New York Senator Robert Wagner in response to Wallace's declaration of his candidacy. The A.D.A. quickly followed with a statement, signed by Hubert Humphrey, among others, declaring:

> Irrespective of Mr. Wallace's intentions, the goals of his sponsors are clear. They hope to divide progressives, create national confusion and insure the triumph of reactionary isolationism in 1948. They believe the achievement of these aims will serve the world interests of the international Communist movement.

Liberal guiding light Schlesinger ceremonially danced on the grave of any strong domestic challenge to U.S. cold war policies, writing in his 1949 book *The Vital Center*: "The type of the progressive today is the fellow traveler or the fellow traveler of the fellow traveler: see the Wallace movement or (until fairly recently) the columns of the *New Republic* and the *Nation*. His sentimentality has softened up the progressive for Communist permeation and conquest." How much kinship this warning has with Thompson's admonishment against "fellow-traveling sentimentalism" thirty-four years later is difficult to assess; the purposes appear to be quite different, but the effects could well be similar. (Thompson has played a notably constructive role in stimulating international movements for peace, which cannot be said of Schlesinger.) There are always American liberals with ears attuned to mistakenly hear rationales for limiting pressure on their own government to begin an authentic disarmament process. Polemics such as Thompson's article in *The Nation*, reaching thousands of U.S. peace activists and other concerned people, are apt to exert a restraining influence. Many Americans are unaccustomed to regarding their government as the world's leading nuclear terrorist, and they hesitate to conclude that U.S. policies are in need of fundamental redirection rather than reform via the channels outlined in civics textbooks.

Yet the West's legal channels have shown themselves to be inadequate for implementing citizens' views on disarmament, a shortcoming underscored by the March 6 elections in West Germany. Within the two-party, nonparliamentary system of the United States, the prospects of fruitful reliance on electoral strategies are especially dubious. On both sides of the Atlantic, during a year scheduled to see the European deployment of new American missiles poised to shove the nuclear arms race into final cataclysm, more citizens must become actively involved in organized noncooperation actions, including nonviolent civil disobedience. To depend on perpetual preparations for the next election is to cling to comforting but groundless hopes.

Massive and vehement protest is essential, and likely, in the United States and Europe this year; just how massive and vehement depends on those in the peace movement. But many people in the West are deterred from strongly challenging their governments regarding the arms race by the invocation of stereotypes of chronically intractable Soviet rulers: "Let protest be directed at them," British Foreign Secretary Francis Pym has asserted, "not at the Americans." We hear similar suggestions from Reagan, Weinberger, et al. If the peace movement internalizes even a portion of that specious line, the effect will be to weaken and scatter resistance efforts that currently should focus on U.S. policies.

In the past few years, the mouthpieces of militarism like *Reader's Digest* and President Reagan have been engaged in the timeworn Red-baiting game, with notable recent assists from one of America's most widely watched television programs, CBS's *60 Minutes*. It would be ironic, and tragic, if advocates of disarmament and an end to the cold war join in the game now and again just to show they're not really on anyone's team. □

REPLY FROM EUROPE

Peace is a Third-Way Street

E. P. THOMPSON

If you board a flying machine at Kennedy or Logan Airport and turn right at Greenland, you will reach the European continent, an old place where in every state they speak a different language.

Across that continent, from the Baltic Sea to the Black Sea, there is an artificial line. One major city is even cut in two by a wall. On each side of this line are large and growing nuclear and conventional military establishments; there are also continuous ideological hostilities and skirmishes be-

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tween rival security services. Two world wars have broken out in Europe, and, next to the Middle East, Europe is as likely a starting point for World War III as any.

Europe also is doing its best to screw up the Third World. The arms trade is one of the few vigorous parts of the slack Western European economy, and socialist France is especially mercenary and amoral in its salesmanship. The Soviet Union, whose most important production centers are in Europe, is the United States' leading competitor-colleague in this dirty trade.

When President Carter halted arms exports to certain Latin American tyrannies because of human rights violations, Britain, West Germany, France and Israel were only too eager to step into the market. To be sure, the implicit understanding was that these arms were to be used only by one Latin American country against another, or by their military dictators to slaughter their own poor. But the war in the Falklands, as a testing ground for advanced European military technologies, was a stupendous production from the studios of Nemesis Inc.

It may be overdue that we Europeans should become more Eurocentric in our political concerns: that is, should consult one another and try to resolve some of our own problems. If we could set matters right in our own backyards, we might be less of a danger to the world.

My article in the February 26 *Nation* was not—as Norman Solomon supposes—a letter of "warning" addressed to "American readers." It was a public meditation arising from the predicament of the European peace movement, and addressed to its supporters. I am at fault in not making this clear, and I apologize—on this count only. I don't apologize for airing the movement's problems before *The Nation*'s readers; peace workers on both continents ought to exchange views and come to understand one another.

But how am I to explain these problems to an impatient Norman Solomon? Let me start with the only issue he is willing to admit as relevant: the threat of nuclear weapons. For the past three years the Western European peace movement has been signaling its unequivocal refusal of NATO's modernized weapons: cruise and Pershing 2 missiles. Unequivocal and unqualified: we are not interested in discussing any compromise. There has to come a point at which the nuclear arms race stops—whatever arguments of "balance" are employed—and we in Western Europe are committed to stopping it here, at Greenham Common and at Comiso. We are even chided sometimes, by friends in the American freeze movement, for our "unilateralism."

I don't say that we will succeed. I say only that this is where we are and we can do no other. And I don't need Solomon's lessons about the possible necessity for nonviolent direct action; as a member of the National Council of the British Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament (C.N.D.), I am fully committed to our decision to support such action, along with other forms of persuasion. The first trickle of visitors to British prisons has commenced—most, but not all, from among the women camping at the gates of the base at Greenham—and by the end of the year many hundreds of us are likely to be required to put our bodies where our mouths now are.

Nor do we stand in particular need of lessons from Yuri Zhukov, the president of the Soviet Peace Committee. Yet we have been receiving from him, and from several official sources in the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe, rather a lot of instruction in the past few months. Zhukov, who is a *Pravda* editorialist and a very big Soviet noise, is displeased because we are not acting according to his script. We have not confined ourselves to refusing NATO weapons but have criticized Soviet nuclear weapons as well; and we have refused to align ourselves with Soviet policies in Poland and Afghanistan. We have also voiced our solidarity with independent peace groups in his country.

For these reasons we are now being unmasked by Soviet ideologists as "anti-Soviet," cold war and even "pro-Reagan" elements—"infiltrated" into a movement which, in its recent incarnation, we happened to start ourselves! And Zhukov and his friends in the World Peace Council are trying, in an old-fashioned, 1950-ish way, to split our movement and bring it under Soviet hegemony. There are selective conferences in Moscow, pressing messages to us from several embassies, a great "Peace Assembly" to be held in Prague in late June—and much more. We find this politically inept and morally offensive.

Our perception is this. For three years we have set everything else aside to campaign against NATO's new weapons. And in three years we have not extracted one real concession from the East. There are, it is true, some admirable proposals on paper from the Soviet Union and the Warsaw Pact powers—including those itemized by Solomon—just as there are a few (rather less admirable) proposals on paper from NATO. But in terms of action, nothing. The two concessions we have explicitly pressed for have not been made.

First, we have asked—on two occasions, in April 1980 and in August 1981—for the Soviet Union to stop building up the number of its SS-20s. No answer, until a total was reached in 1982 clearly in excess of the corresponding Western weaponry. Second, we have asked them to stop harassing and imprisoning independent peace workers on their side. The answer to this has been worse than no: repression is being tightened.

On the first issue, Solomon argues from the same brief as Zhukov and waxes indignant with me. He says I asked the Soviet Union to start dismantling its first 100 SS-20s now, "even while NATO remains committed to deployment of Pershing 2s and cruises next winter." Exactly so. The 340 (or however many) SS-20s are in place now, and the cruises and Pershings are not.

The SS-20s may not bother North Americans, since their range does not extend across the Atlantic. We argue that the cruises and Pershings would gravely disturb the strategic equilibrium, and that the terms "intermediate" and "theater" weapons are misnomers. They are in fact forward-based U.S. strategic systems, operated by U.S. personnel, which can reach deep into Soviet territory. I think I was the first polemicist to say that they would set up "a Cuba crisis in reverse."

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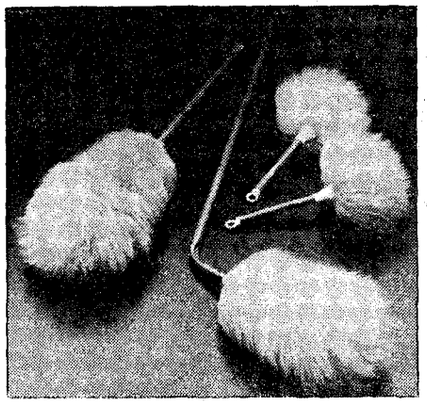

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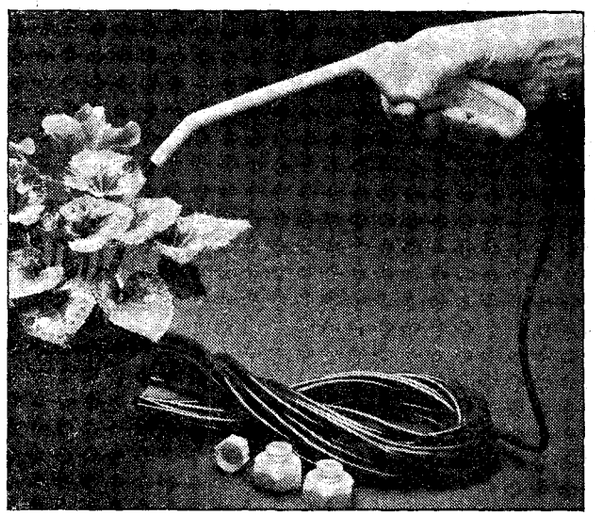

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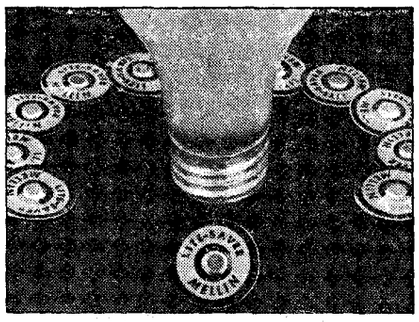

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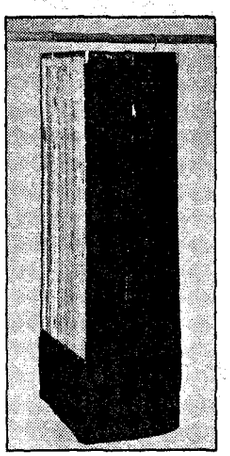
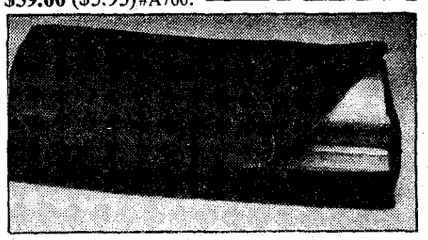
The fresh pungent smell of red cedar is as distasteful to moths as it is pleasant to humans, which is why cedar-lined closets and chests for generations have been the preferred way to protect clothes. Now someone has had the good sense to cross a cedar closet with a garment bag, making the advantage of cedar storage more available, more convenient and more affordable than ever before. The design incorporates real aromatic red cedar in a heavy military duck fabric with solid brass luggage corners and zippers. These garment bags hang right on your closet bar. Unlike moth balls, you don't have to worry about that telltale chemical odor and there is no need to dry clean or air clothes when taking them out of storage. The cedar storage units come in several sizes all in navy blue: for suits (not shown), 42″ x 20″ x 15″, at **$85.00** ($8.95) #A767; for long garments (shown right), 52″ x 20″ x 15″, at **$99.00** ($9.95) #A769; extra wide (not shown), 42″ x 20″ x 30″, at **$99.00** ($9.95) #A768. The suit and extra wide units can be used free standing as well as hanging. There is also an under-the-bed model (shown below), 7″ x 42″ x 20″ with six square feet of cedar, for **$59.00** ($5.95) #A766.





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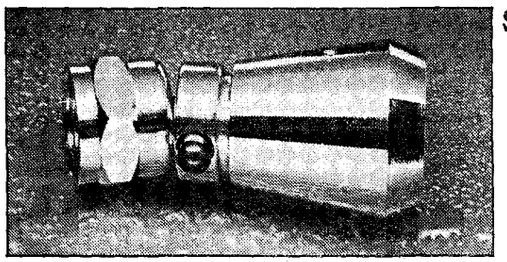

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Savings In The Shower

This finely crafted shower head called the Deluxe Fuel Saver, cuts the use of water — hot water — in the shower from 5 or 8 to 2.45 gallons per minute. With the conventional shower head, the average family of four uses 300 to 400 gallons of water — much of it heated — everyday. According to U.S. Department of Energy figures, with the Deluxe Fuel Saver that same family uses 70% less water in the shower and realizes a savings of between $150 and $350 depending on the utility rates. The Deluxe Fuel Saver also offers a "trickle valve" that allows you to stop water flow while soaping up. Made of chrome-plated solid brass, the Deluxe Fuel Saver is accompanied by a one-year limited warranty. It installs easily over the standard ½" shower arm with pliers or a wrench — no plumber is needed. We offer the Con-Serv Deluxe Fuel Saver for **$14.00** ($2.95) #A800. Two for **$26.00** ($3.95) #A8002.

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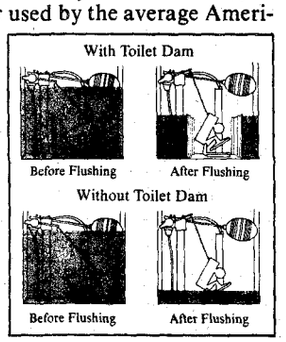
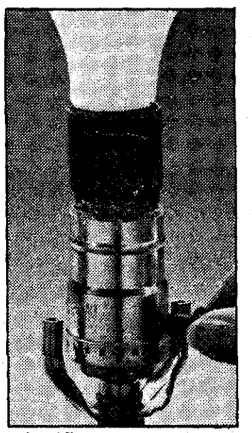
A government study shows that 45% of the water used by the average American family gets flushed down the toilet. That is 90 gal. per day for the family of four. The conventional flush toilet uses 5 to 8 gal. of clean fresh water each flush, when 2.5 to 3 gal. is sufficient. What can we do about this insanity? Use toilet dams. Putting a dam in the tank saves ⅓ to ½ the flush without reducing the toilet's effectiveness. (It doesn't reduce the *pressure* of the flush, just the amount of water used.) Putting dams in all your toilets could cut your overall water use (and bill) up to 20%. For **$11.00** ($1.95) #A259, we can supply first-quality toilet dam units made of stainless steel and thermoplastic rubber. It comes with a 5-year limited warranty and requires no tools (or special effort) to install.



Convert-A-Bulb



How would you like to save more than $15 per fixture when you next change a 3-way lightbulb? Three-way bulbs have some major shortcomings. They are noticeably more expensive than regular bulbs, they come in a limited range of sizes and styles, and the high setting on a 3-way bulb gives you significantly less light than you are entitled to expect. A plain 100-watt bulb gives 1740 lumens of light; a 30-70-100 watt 3-way at the highest setting gives only 1285 lumens. The Convert-A-Bulb screws into your 3-way fixture and enables you to have 3-way action from a regular lightbulb. It accepts any standard base bulb from 7½ to 150 watts. Let's assume that you replace a 50-100-150 watt 3-way bulb with a regular 150-watt bulb. Because of the lumen differential between regular and 3-way bulbs, the medium setting gives the same amount of light that you formerly had at the high setting — providing a savings of 27 watts per hour. The regular bulb at medium setting will last 6 times its rated life of 750 hours. If you pay 7¢ per kwh for electricity the savings amount to $8.50. Plus, 3-way bulbs are usually rated at 1200 hours, so you would need four of them at $2.20 each, to outlast this one regular bulb, at $1.50. That is another $7.30 in savings for an overall windfall of $15.80. The Convert-A-Bulb is UL listed and available *exclusively from us.* Buy one for **$10.00** ($1.95) #A495, two for **$18.00** ($1.95) #A496 or three for **$26.00** ($2.95) #A497.

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But the SS-20s are highly visible to Western Europeans, and a never-ending barrage of NATO propaganda insures that this is so. They are targeted now on Bonn and London and Rome. If Europeans find that disquieting, it is, no doubt, a regrettable Eurocentric failing on their part. Solomon reassures us that the presence of these weapons can be explained by the Russians' "self-perceived defensive needs." But I do not think that Soviet self-perceptions will limit the SS-20s' destructive power.

Solomon apologizes further for these peacekeeping weapons by making several fallback references to an essay by Roy and Zhores Medvedev published in this journal. I also find that article to be valuable and constructive, but it need not be taken as gospel. I have expressed reservations as to its conclusions elsewhere ("Europe, the Weak Link in the Cold War," in the anthology *Exterminism and Cold War*, published by NLB/Verso). I and my friend and fellow peace campaigner Zhores Medvedev are able to disagree on questions of emphasis without insinuating that the other is guilty of treason to the cause of peace, and I wish Solomon would learn that political discussions can be conducted within the movement without this kind of smearing.

The conclusion of the Medvedevs' historical discussion of the leading role the United States has played in the nuclear arms race is that this has created "a pervasive inferiority complex" in Soviet military circles. It ought not to be treasonable to suppose that there could be circumstances in which an inferiority complex (armed with nukes) could be as dangerous to life on this planet as the technological ego-tripping that characterizes U.S. weapons deployment.

I have not allocated "greater blame" or even "equal blame" to the Soviet Union for the nuclear arms race. Historical blame is beside the point: both sets of weapons are a present danger and both must be stopped.

The stopping of them is a political problem. In the West there must be a massive mobilization of public opinion. The point Solomon has missed is that there is a world of difference between the leaders of NATO (who are determined to deploy their infernal new weapons) demanding one-sided cuts from the Soviet Union and the Western peace movement (which is not only expressing but acting out its unqualified refusal of those weapons) calling on the Russians to make concessions in advance of the new weapons' arrival.

The object of the request is to prevent the weapons from ever coming. A direct Soviet concession of this order, in response to the peace movement, would so augment the force of Western peace opinion that we could sweep the weapons off the future's board.

Please remember that no European nation, East or West (the Soviet Union excepted), is represented at the Geneva negotiations. Yet the negotiators there are bargaining about intermediate-range weapons, the possible instruments of a "limited" nuclear war in the "theater" of Europe. Western European nations can take part in the bargaining in only one way: by refusing to allow their national territories to be used as sites for the missiles. This refusal requires an act of political will, supported by powerful, aroused public opinion. The deployment of an unnecessarily large number of SS-20s is the best argument our domestic political opponents have, and it is one which is employed, day and night, in every newspaper and on every TV station. Some reciprocation by the Russians—not endless futuristic paper proposals to be fed into the labyrinth of superpower negotiations, but direct concessions to Western peace opinion—would begin to draw our opponents' poison.

I am not wedded to this course. I am ready to defer to the wisdom of Solomon—and, no doubt, to the wisdom of Yuri Andropov also. Soviet politicians and military leaders are "realists." What can our scruffy, undisciplined and argumentative millions—our idealistic and ill-marshaled demonstrators, our peace campers untutored in protocol, our pathetic declarations of nuclear-free zones in towns and counties, our movers of resolutions at party conferences and church synods—really promise to deliver?

To the Russians, we are background music only, and music not even loud enough to swing a German election. Andropov and his colleagues will take no more notice of us than an occasional glance at an opinion poll. They will attend to the *real* music—the rantings of Margaret Thatcher in Westminster, England, and of President Reagan in Orlando, Florida—to form their assessments of the true intentions of the ruling groups of the imperialist West. They do not have much reason to trust in Western democracy, nor any experience with its procedures. They have already ordered their own cruise missiles.

I have not argued this case because I believe in the counting games of "balance." Since this is a potential Cuba crisis in reverse, there would be no harm if it was the West that was outfaced and forced to back down, even at the cost of leaving the Soviet Union with some notional "superiority" in a category of weapons that is itself notional. This might, in a single episode, redress the Russians' historical inferiority complex and NATO's assumption of the prerogative of superiority. I am in no way afraid of this outcome, nor would C.N.D. back away, because it would give our opponents, for the ten millionth time, occasion to accuse us of being "one-sided disarmers" and Soviet dupes. I am explaining why I think this outcome improbable, and why the Soviet leaders, with their "realism" and their disdain for democratic movements, have made our work more difficult.

Our problems have been made worse in recent months by inept Soviet interventions in Western political life (including the peace movements), accompanied by continued repression in the East. Solomon is indignant that I even raise these matters, and I quote his comments since I have been looking at them for several days with growing despair:

> The Russians' essential perfidy is repeatedly alluded to by Thompson in references to repression in satellite countries like Hungary, Czechoslovakia and Poland. We are encouraged to think that what happens in Eastern Europe is an index of the Kremlin's sincerity about wanting a halt to the nuclear arms race. But if we talk about Budapest, Prague and Warsaw, let us also talk about Santo Domingo, Santiago, and the countrysides of El Salvador and Guatemala (where the United States has been helping to finance an extermination drive against the Maya Indians).

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This passage is so innocent of political analysis that I don't know where to begin. I will start with an anecdote about a recent conversation between a Norwegian peace activist and a Soviet official. "The European peace movement built up to a 'hot autumn' in 1981," my Norwegian friend said. "Why do you suppose it was not followed, in 1982, by an even hotter spring?" The Soviet official was puzzled and searched in vain for a reply.

What my Norwegian friend was referring to were the unprecedented demonstrations—totaling more than 2 million people—in Western European capitals in October and November 1981. (We have been told that these rallies helped breathe new morale into the American peace movement.) And why were there not 3 million or 4 million demonstrating in the spring and summer of 1982? The answer is martial law in Poland and the repression of Solidarity. A hope that had been growing, a hope of healing our split continent by the convergence of popular movements, was abruptly ended.

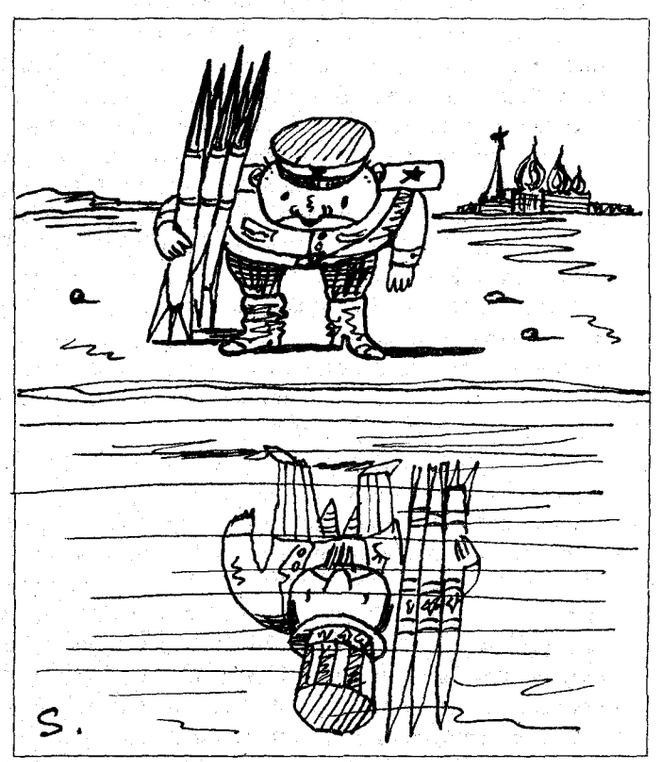
It is nonsense to try to extract something called "the nuclear arms race" from the ideological and political context of which it is an integral part. In Europe we live in visible contact with one another (whether antagonism or reciprocation); but, even if it is less visible, the United States and the Soviet Union are tied into the same political context. Martial law in Poland threw whole sections of the Western European peace movement—notably the Eurocommunist masses in Italy—onto a lame, defensive leg. In my view, the recent West German elections were lost to the cause of peace in part because of the clumsiness of Soviet interventions. And West German voters might have had reason to feel uncertain about the Kremlin's "sincerity" at a time when peace activists were being harassed in East Germany and the "Swords into Ploughshares" badges were forbidden on their arms.

At this point Norman Solomon leaps up to shout that U.S. intervention in the West German elections was more foul and more flagrant than the Russians'. I wish he would sit down again. This is known and has long been understood. Political analysis does not consist of moralistic repartee. The point is that NATO's interventions and solicitations were effective, and the Russians' were *countereffective.* NATO's were effective because they exposed and exploited the nasty ideological sores on the other side. It helps neither analysis nor political action to apologize for those sores or to pretend they don't exist.

Nor should we join in the old propaganda game in which human rights and human wrongs are turned up one by one like cards in the game of Snap, the objective being to be the first to spot a match and cry "Snap!" This game is played by the ideologists of both superpowers for the delectation of the readers of *Commentary* and *Literaturnaya Gazeta.* It is a game of distraction, a grand confuse-a-citizen or confuse-a-comrade show. It is a game we should expose as one of the mental chains that hold humanity down. Let us never, for the shadow of one moment, engage in arguments that excuse offenses against life or liberty on one side because similar or worse offenses can be pointed to on the other. These remain two offenses; there is no way in which one cancels out the other. The point is to end them both.

We are driven, of course, to take part in this game of swapping human wrongs by the barefaced hypocrisy of our own rulers. When President Reagan and Prime Minister Thatcher have the gall to claim their side is the protector of human rights, and to use the claim as cold war propaganda and as legitimation for the preparations of the ultimate human wrong of nuclear war, how can we do other than throw that claim back in their guilty faces? Turkey has the worst human rights record of any European country; it is a partner in NATO, and a partner currently being nudged by certain U.S. operators to flex its military muscle threateningly to destabilize Papandreou's Greece. And if we cast an eye across the globe, it is probable we would find that the most savage offenses against human rights are now being committed in Latin America, often under U.S. license and with U.S. aid; the United States supports and condones these barbarities—some of which arise from indigenous contexts—by pleading the irrelevant categories of the cold war.

It may also be true that over the past thirty years, the gulag archipelago has been shrinking and the archipelago of violence and repression in the Third World (where Western powers are most complicit) has grown. That kind of grim balance sheet is not as easy to draw up as Solomon's tone suggests. At what point do we start? Authoritative accounts, such as Amnesty International's *Political Killings by Governments,* do not enable us to assign each quantity of blood to East or West: Indonesia may be West (since "Communists" were slaughtered) and Kampuchea may be East, but the massacres were not planned in the Kremlin or the Pentagon. And in which camp do we place the atrocities in Idi Amin's Uganda? The "disappeareds" of Argentina? The recent massacres in Assam?



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But if we say yes to Solomon, and agree that the United States (or the West) is the greatest sinner against human rights, we solve no problems by simply crossing the floor of the cold war and adopting the perceptions of the other side. We must situate ourselves in an alternative position and develop a "third" perception, one which could bring into a single coalition the forces of peace and democracy in the First, Second and Third Worlds.

The political issue raised by my article was not the matter of human rights in general but the integral relationship between the ideological and security structures of the two opposing blocs and the nuclear arms race. In this context, certain human rights are highly sensitive and visible questions, which impinge emphatically upon the problem of disarmament. (I have discussed this more fully in my book *Beyond the Cold War*, published by Pantheon.)

My argument is that there is unlikely to be any permanent disarmament—or any disarmament at all—unless there is a reciprocal thaw in both blocs, an opening of direct communication and exchange between citizens, and that renewed repression in the East, in particular of independent peace voices, will weaken Western peace movements and could—if they do not take precautions—paint them into an ineffectual "pro-Soviet" corner.

Solomon ignores this argument, and I am persuaded that he does not understand it. It may be less obvious to Americans than to Europeans. But I doubt whether he means to understand it, since he resorts to the strategy of leaving the argument unexamined and smearing it with the imputation of racism. "It is worth pondering," he writes, "that Thompson devotes rigorous attention to Soviet-sponsored repression in client states primarily populated by white Europeans, but ignores brutal repression in U.S. client states populated largely by nonwhites." And he goes on:

> For English-speaking whites in the West, it is all too easy to presume that the twinned international efforts for peace and freedom are more undermined by the jailing of a dissident in Prague or Moscow than by the execution of political prisoners in Guatemala or the Philippines, though a nuclear superpower is responsible in each instance.

And I and the European peace movement stand condemned for our "Eurocentric fixation."

This is a predictable form of argumentation by people who suppose themselves to be advanced radicals, and it consists of strewing the ground with tripwires of guilt ("English-speaking whites in the West," "Eurocentric," etc.). In seeking to circumvent these tripwires we are forced to skirt the most relevant political problems also.

By all means let us talk about the situation in Guatemala and El Salvador when it is relevant, as it now very urgently is. Let us also ("Snap!" for our side) talk about Afghanistan. If Solomon comes to Europe he will find that much talking about them is going on, although it is not always easy to know what we can do. But what is happening in those countries has rather little to do with nuclear weapons, and it does not even need a superpower to do it, although that helps. It is as old as, and older than, the Maxim gun. Insofar as the violence of the superpower confrontation is being worked out in these peripheral client states, one way of aiding the victims is to challenge the cold war itself—in its central military and ideological emplacements—and to strengthen the links between nonaligned movements and nations. This is what we are trying to do.

What Solomon fails to consider is any policy by which the peace movement might break down the confrontation of blocs; nor does he consider the mechanics of twinning the nonaligned peace work on both sides. That was the theme of my *Nation* essay, and I will not rehearse it.

Just one example: we are being urged by the World Peace Council (a Soviet-oriented body) to send representatives to the Assembly for Peace to be held at the end of June in Prague. We are not, as it happens, being simultaneously urged by the Atlantic Council (a private group which promotes cooperation between Europe and the United States) to send representatives to an officially sponsored peace assembly in, say, Guatemala City, to protest against Soviet SS-20s, so we cannot get out of both (or into both) by playing Snap.

Here are a few of the difficulties we have with the invitation to attend the peace assembly in Prague: (1) Czechoslovakia is a Soviet client state, although the Czechoslovak people supposed themselves to be sovereign until August 1968, when (2) the intervention of Warsaw Pact forces taught them better. This intervention was provoked by (3) a reform movement within the country's ruling Communist Party, not by any Western imperialist provocation. (4) The forces that entered Czechoslovakia in 1968 remain in occupation to this day, although it was claimed then that their stay would be temporary. (5) In 1977, after the signing of the Helsinki Accords, a Czechoslovak civil rights organization, Charter 77, was set up, in which some former Communists of 1968 were prominent, to press for the observance of those accords. It has been consistently harassed, and members imprisoned. (6) Last year the spokespersons for Charter 77 addressed several messages to Western peace groups, suggesting that the movements in the East and West recognize and support one another and work for peace, for true détente and for the observance of civil rights. (7) This January one of the people who signed those letters, Ladislav Lis, was arrested, and he remains in prison. Parenthetically, in 1968 Czechoslovakia's government-sponsored Peace Committee had the temerity to protest the Warsaw Pact invasion—perhaps the only recorded case of an official peace committee in the Soviet bloc protesting an action of the Warsaw Pact. The committee was promptly disbanded and a new, compliant peace committee was appointed. And (8) this body will be the host organization of the great Assembly for Peace. To raise money for the assembly, the government has "invited" working people to pay a "peace tax" from their wages—for example, to sign over their pay for one Saturday morning shift—which payments will be voluntary, of course, but the refusal of which may call down upon the recalcitrant ones unwelcome attention.

Europeans find this whole scene to be a can of worms. But what can we do about it? To refuse to go to the conference might be seen as a refusal to "talk with the other

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side," which everyone now wants to do. To go might be seen as a condonation of the Soviet occupation of Czechoslovakia (a legitimate demand on any European disarmament agenda is the withdrawal of those forces) as well as an acceptance of the repression of civil rights workers who have been trying to open a dialogue with the Western peace movement. This question has put us at sixes and sevens and divided us more than any propaganda ploy by President Reagan could do. In the end, some European peace workers will refuse to go, on one principle or another; others will go with open eyes to see if anything can be done; and others will sleepwalk through the whole affair in an exalted peace-loving trance. The media in the West will expose us all, without discrimination, as Soviet stooges. The event will do only harm to the cause of peace and will alienate democrats in the East from Western peace forces. Many of those democrats are patriots claiming to be exercising their constitutional rights, and they do not thank us in the West for writing them off as "dissidents."

That is just one small (and I hope trivial) episode. I have written about it at such length because it is only by attending to such details that we can see the emptiness of the wisdom of Solomon. According to some universal scale of human rights and wrongs, the execution of Maya Indians in Guatemala, the raping of women and the burning of villages is certainly more foul than the "jailing of a dissident in Prague or Moscow." But in the complex politics of peace, the major adversaries are NATO and the Warsaw Pact, and the lines of antagonism and reconciliation run not through the countrysides of Guatemala and El Salvador but through Berlin, Warsaw and Prague. The future of the world depends, in the end, on the peoples of the Soviet Union and the United States finding some mode of mutual reconciliation (and disarmament); and the people of Europe could be either a prize of war or a hyphen bringing them together.

I have to reply to Solomon that the twinned international efforts for peace and freedom *are* more undermined by the jailing of a dissident in Prague or Moscow than by the sack of a Guatemalan village. This is not because the first is worse than the second; it certainly is not. It is because the first may be more sensitively situated within the delicate and complicated politics of peace. If not just any "dissident," but, say, Ladislav Lis of Charter 77 or Oleg Radzinsky of the Moscow Group to Establish Trust Between the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A. is thrown into prison, it is a defeat for communication between citizens of East and West and a serious reversal for the cause of peace. It signals that the Communist authorities are not yet willing to reciprocate our efforts with the least thaw of their own.

Nor are the matters I have been discussing quite as Eurocentric as Solomon supposes. Americans may also, at this moment, be peering into the Prague can of worms. Various eminent people, including Harry Belafonte and Yoko Ono, are being advertised by the Czechoslovak organizers as participants in the Prague peace assembly, perhaps without their knowledge. Zdena Tomin, a Czechoslovak playwright and former spokesperson for Charter 77, has remarked: "I hope Yoko knows that the park wall in Prague on which

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young people commemorated John Lennon's death by peace messages in chalk, flowers and candles so that it was becoming the first peace site in Czechoslovakia has been, every dawn, whitewashed by the police, the peace-loving 'demonstrators' dispersed and many interrogated." A John Lennon Day celebration by several hundred young people on the Lenin Hills near Moscow last December ended in the breakup of the event and the confiscation of peace signs.

The making of an honest political discourse between East and West is an extraordinarily complex business, with misrecognitions on all sides and with the security agencies of both blocs doing all they can to screw up the dialogue. It is not enough to rush across to the other side with an outstretched hand. The Kremlin may be sincere in wishing to see a halt in the nuclear arms race, but it is equally sincere in taking measures to insure that the infection of the peace movement is halted at its borders. Yet if we are steady and nonprovocative, I do not think these measures will be able to stop it. And, as I have said, if there is no mutual thaw, I doubt we will succeed in stopping nuclear arms.

We Europeans are doing what we can; but the symmetry of things is such that we NATO clients—British, Dutch, Germans and Italians—may accomplish most by talking with our opposites: Czechoslovaks, Hungarians, Germans and Poles. It is the particular task of people in the U.S. peace movement to initiate a new kind of discourse with the people of the Soviet Union. I do not prescribe the channels: every channel—official, professional, religious and personal—must be tried. And since you are yourselves "dissidents," an opposition within your own superpower, you must seek to include in the discourse the democratic opposition within the Soviet Union.

I am glad to learn that many U.S. peace organizations have come to the defense of the Moscow Group to Establish Trust and its kindred groups in Leningrad, Novosibirsk and Odessa. It is not that these beleaguered handfuls of independent-minded citizens—who may be worn down into silence by incessant harassment—are the only Soviet citizens concerned with peace. They symbolize the principle of trust and direct citizens' détente, and hence of internationalism against state power. If that principle is abandoned, the poison of compromise with power will enter all our work.

I had almost forgotten Norman Solomon. I find his tone offensive and unfraternal, and I object to his accusations of treason and racism, but I don't hold him an enemy to the cause of peace. If he wishes to be useful to that cause in his writing, however, there are certain habits he should kick.

One habit is that of using human rights as the coin of propaganda, as if a debit on one side can be scored as a credit to the other. This habit, which is widespread on both sides of the Atlantic, reveals how far we are from truly endorsing the consciousness of nonalignment. We remain in bondage to the schema of the cold war, exchanging one ideology for its mirror image.

Another habit is that of setting up tripwires of guilt as an alternative to arguing. This strategy of discourse is very much of our time, among radicals and conservatives alike. It is sad to see it at work in the peace movement also: it is a kind of competitiveness, in which those who were once eager to prove themselves more revolutionary-than-thou (more antiracist, more antisexist, etc.) must now prove themselves more antinuclear-than-thou.

The temptation to adopt that strategy grows as the confrontation becomes sharper. High moral commitment, the willingness to fast or to enter prison, is necessary and valuable in our movement, but I am bothered when guilt and a sense of emergency are allowed to displace political analysis, and even to license a flight from rationality. I'm pleased that we're being invited to put our inert bodies on the line—not, as we sometimes were in the 1960s, to "put our balls on the line" (an invitation which by definition excluded women). Yet we must also hold all parts of the movement together and respect those who have other roles or make other choices. And there remains a case for putting our minds on—and sometimes against—the prevailing line.

Too much self-dramatics, Mr. Solomon! Which brings me to a habit, peculiar to some American radicals and Soviet dissidents of the Solzhenitsyn variety, that really must be kicked. I describe it as "inverted superpowerism": if it becomes impossible to claim one's nation as The Greatest—the Lamp of the Free World or the Torchbearer of Socialism—then one must claim it as The Worstest.

Norman Solomon protests too much. He is too eager to take upon his white Western English-speaking nuclear terrorist back every one of the world's sins. I will allow him, and the United States, many of those sins; but it is indecently greedy to claim them all. There are plenty of European operators—and not all of them in the West—who have helped screw the world up, and keep the cold war gelid. The present rulers of Britain are a reminder that Europeans have lost neither the inclination nor the power to multiply the world's human wrongs. And it is not even true that every person oppressed south of the Mexican border is oppressed at the sole behest of U.S. imperialism. There are ruling families there, descendants of conquistadors, who would not thank Solomon for implying that they are not "white," and who are vigorous and self-motivated oppressors. And, although it is not quite decent to say so, if one scans the globe with care one may even detect a black rogue or two.

To take upon one's shoulders all the guilt of the world is itself a sort of patronage of lesser sinners and a default on internationalism. It is to say that only The Worstest, the U.S. of A., can do evil in earnest; the rest of us are evildoers only as American clients and proxies. But if the United States were blown away tomorrow, I dare say the world could go on doing wrong.

It puzzles us Europeans, this new image of American radicals as a group of self-flagellants bent to the ground by the weight of their sins. For it does not correspond with our experience. We find that Americans are often struck from a very different mold, and draw upon different and honorable American traditions. If they were blown away tomorrow, we would gravely miss them. When we join them in actions for peace we find them resilient, informed, endlessly inventive and witty—and with just that dash of innocent op-

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timism that the knowing old Continent badly needs.

What Solomon has obscured is that I was not calling for less but for *more*. I was summoning support for an assault, not only upon certain weapons systems but upon the structures of the cold war itself, from which those systems continually arise. And I was calling on the peace movement to exert whatever influence it has to impose a thaw upon both East and West.

To attempt this extraordinary (but essential) overthrow of ideologies and power, the European and American movements must act together. We are not different kinds of people but the same kind of people working in different places for the same ends. Even Norman Solomon and myself. Now that we have had our fun at the expense of each other, I dare say that we will both turn back to the same kind of work. □

Baby Doc

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

noine, Théo Achille and Jean Robert Estimé. Lafontant, Minister of Interior and National Defense, is responsible for internal security. Chanoine's title is Minister of the Presidency and Information, which means he is, in effect, Baby Doc's brain and voice. Achille, a confidant of First Lady Michèle Bennett Duvalier, is Minister of Labor and Social Work. Estimé, Minister of Foreign Affairs and Religion, had previously warned the church hierarchy that the government would not tolerate increasing militancy among the clergy. (There are about 500 priests in Haiti and hundreds of friars, sisters and lay religious workers who run schools, hospitals and farm cooperatives.)

The government issued a communiqué about the meeting, which stated that one of its aims was "to prepare a charter for human promotion . . . to benefit the most deprived sectors of the nation." The charter would also "delineate the roles of the temporal and the spiritual." The communiqué concluded with the announcement that "a mixed advisory commission has been formed and it will present, within six months, a complete document that will reflect the government's concern to ameliorate the lives of the people and the will of the Church to fully pursue its social goal."

Members of the commission have yet to be named, suggesting that the communiqué did not accurately report what was agreed on at the meeting. According to one participant, "The discussion was at times stormy." The government sought, unsuccessfully, to obtain the cooperation of the bishops in curtailing the activities of militant priests. The Duvalier regime is desperately seeking ways to keep the church out of politics, but the church isn't about to knuckle under. Father Albert Gouin expressed the sentiments of most of his colleagues recently when he wrote in *Le Petit Samedi Soir*, a Port-au-Prince weekly, "The Gospel must be applied to all human activity, whether political, social, cultural, family-related or even personal."

Some prelates have said the communiqué is a ploy—an attempt to stall until the authorities figure out how to bring under control a situation that was made more unmanageable by Pope John Paul II's historic ten-hour visit to Port-au-Prince on March 9. "Things must change," the Pope said in his homily to the Haitian people. "Christians have observed division, injustice, excessive inequality, the degradation of the quality of life, misery, hunger, the fear of many people. . . . Yet they remain assured that solutions exist—in solidarity. The poor of every kind must be able to hope once again."

In contrast to the somewhat moderate stands he took in other speeches during his Central American trip, the Pope threw his full weight behind the clerical militancy in Haiti, saying, "The Church has a prophetic mission in this field inseparable from its religious mission, and it demands the liberty to carry it out."

As Haitian officials, including the President, listened grimly, the Pontiff said:

> Indeed, there is a deep need for justice, for a better distribution of wealth, a more equitable organization of society, with more participation, and a more disinterested concept of service to all on the part of those who hold the responsibilities. There is a legitimate desire in the media and in politics for free expression and respect for the opinions of others . . . . There is the need for a more open and easy access to goods and services which cannot remain the property of a few . . . . People need to eat, to have medical care, housing, schooling, honest work, social security, respect for . . . the fundamental rights of man.

The people responded with noisy applause and loud beating of drums.

It was impossible for the government to stop television and radio stations from carrying the Pope's words, but the press was forbidden to reprint the speech. Instead, the government-owned *Le Nouveau Monde* published an article by Ernest Bennett, Baby Doc's father-in-law, accusing "Marxist priests" of "misinforming" the Pope about the "problems of Haiti." Bennett wrote that his presidential son-in-law was fighting "harmful ideologies" in order to prevent Haiti from becoming "another Salvador." He blamed the people's poverty on priests "who get involved in everything in Haiti" and spend their money "on quarterly trips abroad when it isn't on their expensive mistresses." The President's patience "has run out," Bennett informed *Le Nouveau Monde*'s readers, and he suggested that the Pope "rid himself of misinformation." But, he continued ominously, the Pope's visit to Haiti "won't have been in vain if he forbids the priests from getting involved in politics as he did in El Salvador, where a bishop was assassinated." The hint was as subtle as a machete.

Five days after Bennett's article appeared, a bomb went off at *Le Nouveau Monde*'s offices. Forty-eight hours later, another bomb went off at Hinoto Motors, an automobile dealership owned by the Duvalier family, killing one person and causing some property damage.

Raymond Alcide Joseph, a financial writer in New York City, is the publisher of the Haiti Observateur, *a weekly aimed mainly at the Haitian diaspora. He was condemned to death in absentia by Papa Doc for his political writings.*

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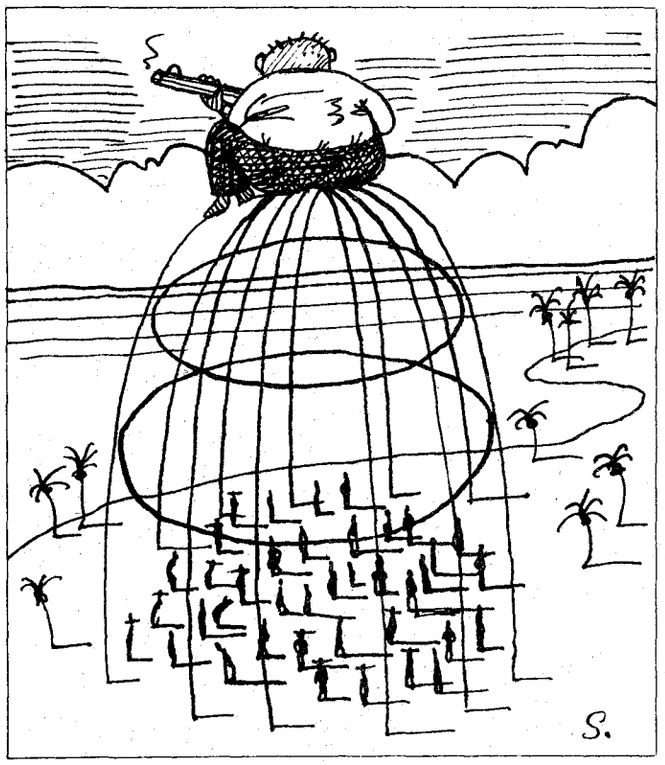
It was against this backdrop of events that the government summoned the bishops to the ministry. Rather than chastise the clerics (or worse), the regime made a show of reasonableness and called for a "dialogue." Actually, the purpose of the talks with the bishops was to buy time until the government can arm itself to deal with the "terrorists." In an interview with a reporter from *Le Petit Samedi Soir*, Lafontant said as much: "Being responsible for the country's security, I was instructed by the President to take measures to prevent all attempts . . . to destabilize our political institutions. Thus, terrorism will be mercilessly fought, even in its most benign forms." Lafontant's comments served to underscore an earlier warning to the people by Edner Day, the hard-line Mayor of Port-au-Prince: "César [President Duvalier] won't sit by watching a tiny handful of rebellious priests destabilize his government."

It is misleading, to say the least, to describe the bishops of Haiti as a "handful of rebellious priests." Those same bishops, along with Archbishop Ligondé, first cousin of Michèle Duvalier's mother, signed a January 27 pastoral letter containing a scathing indictment of the government and ordered it read in every church.

That protest was prompted by the failure of the church's appeals for the release of Gérard Duclerville, a Catholic lay leader who was arrested on December 28 for making broadcasts the government considered subversive. The bishops wrote: "The Church of Haiti is facing a challenge which is testing its very faith in Jesus, Lord and Liberator. . . . Today it is Gérard's turn and that of all those whose names we don't know. Tomorrow it will be us, you, me, another one. Wherever a man is humiliated and tortured, the whole of humanity is humiliated and tortured."



The bishops declared February 9 a day of fasting and prayer for the release of Brother Gérard, and they added: "Also we shall pray to liberate our hearts from bondage to money, egotism and power . . . to make Haiti free and independent . . . to free our country from torture which debases not only those who suffer it, but also the person who inflicts it . . . to put in our leaders the respect for life, the respect for the whole man and for each man. . . . And may God deliver us from evil . . . from autocracy, from fear. . . ."

On February 7, the government released Brother Gérard, but many churches in Haiti and abroad observed the day of prayer and fasting. Father Thomas Wenski, who works among Haitians in Miami and who recently interviewed Brother Gérard in a Port-au-Prince hospital, told me that the Catholic layman was beaten with a police baton numerous times, until his left buttock "was a bloody, festering pulp." He was also beaten on the right side of his head, puncturing an eardrum. A skin-graft operation will be performed, Father Wenski said, when Brother Gérard's buttock is sufficiently healed, but "he will always bear the awful scars left by his torturers."

It is unfortunate that the bombings in Port-au-Prince coincide with the church's increased activism. Some Haitian political observers speculate that the "terrorists" are actually provocateurs. Grégoire Eugène, the president of the Haitian Christian Social Party, who has lived in exile in New York City since 1980, told me, "The bombing campaign can only benefit the Duvaliers, who will try to use the terrorism to unleash their own repression." Eugène said that "a solid investigation of the bombings would uncover leads that may point straight to the authorities." Certainly, a government which boasts of its total control over Haitian society has been surprisingly ineffectual in preventing the bombings, which it claims were ordered by Haitian exiles.

Meanwhile, the Duvalier regime is seeking arms in the United States and elsewhere to put down the challenge at home. On March 27, *The New York Times* reported that the Reagan Administration, although "alarmed" by the situation in Haiti, is "reluctant" to provide it with weapons. The Administration, *The Times* said, is hesitant to ask Congress to approve such aid, fearing that the request would touch off a storm of criticism of the Duvalier government.

The members of the Congressional Black Caucus are vehemently opposed to military aid to Haiti. Representative Walter Fauntroy, chairman of the caucus's Haitian Task Force, has said, "The priorities in Haiti are not military, but development and human rights."

The Pope expressed the same priorities and urged Haitian leaders to "undertake changes . . . without violence, without murder, without internal struggles, which only create new oppression. You will do it in the respect and love of liberty." The indications are, however, that the Duvalier regime will ignore the Pope's advice and declare war on its people, using the pretext that it is fighting Communism and defending the "democratic traditions" of a tyrannical presidency-for-life. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

The 25 Best Writers in America

FRANK PAGE

Recently Jonathan Margin, the editor of *Belles Lettres*, called me into his office and asked me to sit down. He called staff members into his office so as not to be overheard. When he asked you to sit down, though, someone was in trouble. This time it was Mr. Margin.

"I don't know if you're aware of this, Frank, but Tool dislikes me."

"No, I wasn't," I said, which was not entirely true. I had been hearing that Mr. Margin was on the way out, or at least on the way down, to be shifted to a subordinate position on *Mer et Terre*, Protean Publications' travel magazine.

"Yes, she dislikes me, *intensely*."

Tool is Mary Tooling, wife of the publisher of Protean Publications, who oversees three of Protean's dozen or so magazines: *Jardin* (the glossy gardening journal with a high-society flavor), *Théâtre* (concerned with international drama, its motto being "All the world's a stage, and *Théâtre* is in the audience") and *Belles Lettres*, said to be more influential than *The New York Times Book Review*, *The Times Literary Supplement* and *The New York Review of Books* combined.

I've watched Mrs. Tooling at her monthly meetings with the *Belles Lettres* staff. She is a demonstrative, suspicious woman of about 45—well dressed, of course—with black eyes that meet yours only to indicate displeasure. She does most of the talking. Occasionally she asks a question but rarely listens to the answer. Or she listens for a *certain* answer and nods if you hit on it. Or she listens, not to what you say but to what she thinks you mean. For instance, someone will complain that he needs more work space, and finally she'll say, all right, you can have the raise.

"I don't know why she dislikes me," Mr. Margin said. "I follow her directions to the extent that she can explain them. I don't argue with her. I don't bad-mouth her. It's true that we come from different backgrounds. But, after all, this is Protean Publications, where the most diverse strains in American journalism have gathered in harmony and profitability." The last word didn't sound right, and Mr. Margin paused to let it settle into his diction. "Frank, in the short time you've been at *Belles Lettres* you've proved to be very observant. Do you know anything that might . . . ameliorate this situation?"

He was asking for gossip. I said, "Mr. Margin, what do you actually think of Mrs. Tooling?"

He sat upright. "What do I think of Mrs. Tooling? I think she is a . . . " It was an awfully long search for the right word, which turned out to be "ruffian."

"Could it be that Mrs. Tooling dislikes you because you dislike her?"

That hadn't occurred to Mr. Margin, and he looked startled at the idea. When he recovered he said, "Do you think there's anything . . . to be done about it?"

"If you tried to be nice to her now she'd know you were faking. It would only be a sign of weakness and make matters worse. I'd just play it by ear, Mr. Margin."

"By ear," he said. "Yes, and let's keep our eyes peeled and our antennae up at the meeting today, shall we? And, needless to say, Frank, I'd like you to keep this whole thing completely . . . "

"Completely," I said.

What a rotten position to be in at Mr. Margin's age, I thought. He is a perfect ly well-respected editor. He has been a member of the Century Club for ten years and is now on the admissions committee. He rolls with the punches from the gonzo publishers like Lyle Stuart, whose books *Belles Lettres* doesn't review, and he listens sympathetically every time Don Fine of Arbor House calls ("Jonathan, you know I never complain, but . . ."). All told, he keeps the book publishers quiet; no easy task since, like caged animals, they are as attentive to what the others are fed as to their own rations.

Also, Mr. Margin is able to get all but the best writers to work for him, and at fees considerably lower than the general magazines pay. It is true that he is not beloved by his staff, but he doesn't *want* to be beloved by his staff. Nonetheless, no one is eager to give a merely adequate 49-year-old editor a job at the salary Mr. Margin has worked himself up to. It seems to me that he would be much better off had he gone into teaching. By now he would be head of a department at a good college or president of a mediocre one. In either case he would be dealing with people he understood rather than with Mary Tooling.

Mrs. Tooling was waiting for us in Protean's corporate conference room. She sat at the head of the long table, and Mr. Margin took his place at the foot. They looked like man and wife, with the rest of us sitting like children along the sides.

"Marge," Mrs. Tooling began, "I had lunch yesterday with Dick Snyder. Dick Snyder," she said to the rest of us, "is the head of Simon and Schuster. Dick said that *Belles Lettres* stinks. I said, 'Dick, what do you mean?' 'Stinks,' he said. 'S-t-i-n-k-s.' This is the head of Simon and Schuster talking, Marge." Mrs. Tooling leaned over the table for Mr. Margin's reply, and the staff turned as if watching a slow motion tennis match.

"You don't understand, Tool," Mr. Margin said. "When a book publisher criticizes us in that manner what he's doing is softening us up so that the next time around we owe him something. That's all this is."

We turned back to Mrs. Tooling. Mr. Margin's first words—"you don't understand"—had been unfortunate. Mrs. Tooling said, "Let me tell you something. When Congressmen, senators, Supreme Court justices, the President of the United States want to know certain things, they call me or my husband. *I* understand."

"I understand, too," Mr. Margin said, after a pause.

Mrs. Tooling continued, "So Dick Snyder, head of Simon and Schuster, says *Belles Lettres* stinks. What could I say? That it doesn't stink? Could I honestly look Dick Snyder in the eye and say to him in all honesty, 'Dick, *Belles Lettres* does not stink'?"

She was asking a real question, and she pointed to me.

"Sure," I said.

"Oh, I could have *said* it. Nobody's going to put me in jail for perjury. But

Frank Page reports irregularly on Belles Lettres.

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let me ask you directly, Does *Belles Lettres* stink or does it not stink?" She pointed to Barry Vellum, the science and poetry editor.

"I wouldn't say it *stinks*, Tool," Barry said.

"I wouldn't either," Mrs. Tooling said. "I would say it has no smell at all. When a critic in *Théâtre* goes to a show and has a good time he says, 'I went to this show, and I had a good time. If you go to this show you'll have a good time too.' What's the matter with book critics? They *hint*. If a book is good I want to *hear* it." Mrs. Tooling raised her voice. "Sing it out: 'I like this book. This is a good book!' "

"Enthusiasm is cheap," Mr. Margin said, "and not always convincing."

"Who's talking enthusiasm?" Mrs. Tooling said. "I'm talking communication."

Poor Mr. Margin! Here he thought he had sold out, and Mrs. Tooling was telling him he hadn't sold out enough.

Mrs. Tooling went on: "*Belles Lettres* is the most powerful literary magazine in the world, and *you don't use the power*. I don't want you to inform taste, serve taste, improve taste. I want you to *make* taste. I don't want *Belles Lettres* to guess who's going to get the Nobel Prize, I want *Belles Lettres* to *award* the Nobel Prize."

"Actually we do have an effect on the Pulitzer," Mr. Margin said. "This year I'm one of the judges . . . "

"I'm not talking behind-the-scenes. I want it out front. I want *Belles Lettres* to say who shall live and who shall die. And no maybes."

I thought this was too much, so I said, "Mrs. Tooling, I have an idea."

"Call me Tool! Let's *hear* it!" She had worked herself up.

"Why doesn't *Belles Lettres* establish who the twenty-five best writers in America are. One, two, three, four, five . . . "

Mrs. Tooling stared at me and said, "*The twenty-five best writers in America. One, two, three, four, five* . . ."

"And no ties," I said.

"*And no ties*," she said. "What's your name?"

"Frank Page, ma'am, but I was only kidding."

She didn't hear me. "Marge, this is what we need. We'll make the front page of *The Times*. There'll be editorials, counterlists. *What's* your name?"

"Frank Page."

"Margin!" Mrs. Tooling shouted.

"Yes?"

"Do it!"

Mr. Margin nodded.

Mrs. Tooling rose. "Now we're getting somewhere. One, two, three, four, five . . . "

"And no ties," I said.

"*And no ties*!" she said.

It was one thing for Mary Tooling to mistake my irony for an editorial suggestion, but on the way back to the *Belles Lettres* offices, members of the staff came up to compliment me. Ed Princeps said the idea was "a corker." The art director, Ben Boards, said we'd have to sit down and work up some glitzy graphics. Virginia Wrappers said that she thought the feature "would put a lot of people in their places." Only Mr. Margin looked sour, and when we got back he didn't have to say, and I didn't have to be told, that he wanted me in his office and he wanted me to sit down.

"How could you do this, Frank?"

"I was being ironic," I said.

"You can't be ironic with a . . . ruffian."

"I know that now, Mr. Margin. But maybe the idea really would get attention for *Belles Lettres*. Couldn't we think of it as a *jeu*?"

"Frank, you have not understood the purpose of *Belles Lettres* or indeed of any advertiser-supported magazine. It's true that we point out differences in excellence among books. It's true that at the end of a decade we hope to have drawn attention to the one or two genuine talents that have emerged. But week to week we try to point out as few differences as possible."

"I don't follow you, Mr. Margin."

"Every week is another ball game," Mr. Margin said. "Every week we try to turn up three or four books that readers will want to go out and buy—or at least feel that they should go out and buy. We don't say to the reader, 'This is a pretty good book being published this week, but why not wait till next week, when there will be a really good book?' Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"So if we tell our readers that the twenty-five best writers in America are so-and-so and so-and-so, how can we tell them in a week when none of these writers is bringing out a book that they should buy a book by the twenty-sixth best writer in America, or, more to the point, by the one hundred and twenty-sixth best writer in America? It's all well and good to play the Faulkner-Hemingway-Fitzgerald primacy games—dead writers don't write books—but, if I may use Mrs. Tooling's locution, we're talking flesh and cash."

"I'm genuinely sorry, Mr. Margin. But couldn't you explain all this to Mrs. Tooling? She wants *Belles Lettres* to make out as much as you do."

"Under other circumstances I might be able to. In fact, under other circumstances I wouldn't have to—whoever was in charge would instinctively have understood what I've just been saying. But if I were to go to Tool now, she would get the message well enough—but she would also see that from my own staff had come an idea that was finally going to do me in."

"Isn't that a little . . . extreme?" I said.

"No. There is something else about magazines that you don't understand. You're an editor. You see a magazine in terms of its editorial content. But a magazine is just a vehicle that advertisers rent. Our editorial content could be changed in a month if the advertisers and readers wanted it. Along with the content, of course, would go the editors. Not that they couldn't make the changes themselves. But their sacrifice would be a gesture to the industry. Take this new *Vanity Fair*. Like everyone else in the business you think the editorial content is less than perfect. That's not important. It's the vehicle, which in the case of *Vanity Fair* took two years and ten million dollars to set up, that counts. Anyway, that fellow who runs it—I forget his name—is much too nice a chap to be editor of a magazine."

Just then Claire Tippin, Mr. Margin's secretary, announced that Mrs. Tooling was on the phone. As if carrying a weight, Margin went to his desk. I rose to leave. He motioned me to sit.

"Yes . . . Right . . . Yes . . . O.K. . . . However, if we publicize this before it's ready the job will be more difficult. Every publicity girl in the industry will be over here on behalf of her authors. I suggest we wait until it's done, then publicize the hell out of it . . . Yes . . . His name is *Frank Page* . . . He's already an assistant editor . . . Double? . . . All right . . . Yes . . . Yes," Mr. Margin said, and put the phone down with a little bang.

He turned to me. "You are to 'implement' the idea. Also, your salary is doubled. That puts you within striking distance of my salary."

I nodded. What could I say?

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"Also, as I pointed out to Mrs. Tooling, if word gets out that we're doing this, every publicity girl, and boy, will be over here offering lunches, dinners, weekends in the country, their very persons to see that their authors prevail."

"That doesn't sound as bad as it sounds," I said.

"Well, yes, you're young," Mr. Margin said. □

Poetry as Alchemy

EDMUND WHITE

THE KINGFISHER. *By Amy Clampitt. Alfred A. Knopf. 149 pp. $11.95. Paper $6.95.*

Amy Clampitt, who has just made one of the most brilliant debuts in recent American literary history, can do everything with words but tell a story—and stories are what she wants her poems to be. In *The Kingfisher* she takes up (or intends to take up) narratives involving great public themes—religion, politics, history, the Nazi holocaust, self-immolation as a form of protest, nuclear devastation, even the anguish Israel stirs in the Jewish pacifist. She also addresses (or wants to address) decisive personal moments—a dazzling glimpse of art ordering the disarray of life ("Dancers Exercising") or, conversely, a dark vision of the terrifying disorder just behind the comforting insulation of the quotidian ("A Hairline Fracture").

But her talent is neither narrative nor dramatic, and the plot of her poems is often left to the copious notes at the end of the book. In the note about the title poem, for example, she mentions that its subject is "an episodic love affair that begins in England and is taken up again in New York City." One is grateful for the information, as one is for the outline of the action underlying "Rain at Bellagio": "The scheme may be clearer if this poem is thought of as a meditation in the form of a travelogue: the narrator, just arrived in Italy, is met at Naples by a friend who has been living with her father at a villa on Lake Como, and who is about to join an order of contemplative nuns in England."

Come again? It's all news to the reader of the mere poem.

Mind you, I'm not complaining. Far from it. Sometimes the highest art excludes exposition or confines it to some odd pocket—think, for instance, of those awkward speeches that open *Three Sisters*. ("Father died just a year ago, on this very day—the fifth of May, your name day, Irina. . . . Father was given his brigade and came here with us from Moscow eleven years ago. . . ." In *Ada,* Nabokov proposed rewriting the play as *Four Sisters*, with the fourth a long-absent and just-returned nun, precisely to avoid this awkwardness.)

In Clampitt's work, one senses not awkwardness but rather a strange fusion of an ambition to narrate and a talent for suppressing the tale, the talent betraying and transforming the ambition. In fact, her manner of writing a poem is actively antagonistic to the chore of telling a story. Her poems make me think of Schiller's remark that "even when the poet is himself the subject, if he would describe his feeling to us, we never learn of his condition directly and at first hand, but rather how he has reflected on it in his own mind, what he has thought about it as an observer of himself." And it is these reflections that Clampitt renders with exemplary vigor and courage.

A characteristic poem is "Beethoven, Opus 111." Here Clampitt sets up a pair of opposites, the composer and her own father, a Midwestern farmer. Having started with these antipodes, she then shuttles back and forth between them, discovering all the ways in which they are joined. The poem begins with an evocation of Beethoven's late piano manner:

> the hands like rafts of *putti*
> out of a region where the dolorous
> stars
> are fixed in glassy cerements of Art;
> the *ancien régime*'s diaphanous
> plash
> athwart the mounting throb of hob-
> nails—
> shod squadrons of vibration
> mining the air, its struck ores
> hardening
> into a plowshare, a downward wan-
> dering
> disrupting every formal symmetry:
> from the supine harp-case, the
> strung-foot
> tendons under the mahogany, the
> bulldozer
> in the bass unearths a Piranesian
> catacomb: Beethoven ventilating,
> with a sound he cannot hear, the
> cave-in
> of recurring rage.

Typically, there is no mention of someone playing the piano. Instead, Clampitt shows us the profit to be had from flouting rules: she mixes metaphors with Shakespearean gusto and overwhelms us in a percussive flurry of satisfying overstatement. She is gorgeously guilty of the so-called "fallacy of imitative form" in the way her prosody imitates Beethoven's music. The violence (is it playful? is it serious?) in the musical re-enactment of the French Revolution as well as the unsettling compression of epochs (bulldozers and Piranesi) foretell the violence of the next stanza, in which she recounts her father's misguided attempt "to rid the fencerows of poison ivy." He digs up the plants and burns them; the "mist of venom" in the air sows "a mesh of blisters spreading to a shirt/worn like a curse." Deaf Beethoven, a tormented farmer in tornado country: Clampitt must transform one into the other and along the way find subtler contrasts. In the Midwest, Beethoven the revolutionary figures paradoxically as an emblem of aristocratic culture:

> Beethoven might declare the air
> his domicile, the winds kin, the tor-
> nado
> a kind of second cousin; here
> his labor merely shimmers—a
> deracinated
> album leaf, a bagatelle, the
> "Moonlight"
> rendered with a dying fall . . .

For the real, proletarian Beethoven in his squalid workroom, however, music becomes "a disintegrating surf of blossom/opening along the keyboard, along the fencerows/the astonishment of sweetness."

In a related image, the father stops his car in Kansas "to dig up by the roots a flower/he'd never seen before," but soon his curiosity gives way to the terrible agony of his dying, "that awful dying, months-long, hunkered,/irascible." And it is precisely at this juncture that the two figures fuse, for without a pause Clampitt writes:

> From a clod no plowshare
> could deliver, a groan for someone
> (because he didn't want to look
> at anything) to take away the
> flowers,

Edmund White's latest book is A Boy's Own Story *(Dutton).*

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a bawling as of slaughterhouses,
slogans
of a general uprising: *Freiheit!*
Beethoven, shut up with the four
walls
of his deafness, rehearsing the
unhearable
semplice e cantabile, somehow recon-
stituting
the blister shirt of the intolerable
into these shakes and triplets, a
hurrying
into flowering along the
fencerows . . .

Well, I've quoted too much of this wonderful poem, but how else could I show Clampitt's method? How else demonstrate her way of superimposing one figure on another, her superb game of sleight of hand, a game played in total seriousness in the service of real feeling? At the start of this last passage, we are seized by vertigo—who is "he"? The father or Beethoven? By the time we've reached Beethoven's name we've been whirled past plowshare, flowers, uprising; from there we go to the blister shirt and the fencerows. The fusion is now complete. No story has been told, but the high heat of alchemy has been generated.

Several other poems follow this method. "A Procession at Candlemas" fuses three distinct elements: the Purification of the Virgin; a mother dying in intensive care while her daughter drives toward her along Route 80; and an intricate fabric of allusions to birth and death in ceremony and in reality around the world and throughout history. A passage from "Rain at Bellagio" serves as a motto for the poet: "reining/the fragments of experience into one process—/being-and-becoming fused, a single scheme."

Narrative is by its very nature linear (from the past toward the present), economical (a small cast of characters), hierarchical (details subordinated to events), impulsive (the forward motion engendered by suspense or mystery) and causational. What Clampitt writes is circular, diffuse, vertiginous and organized through simultaneity. Her method is the one appropriate to our experience. She is not one of Schiller's "naïve" poets but a "sentimental" one, that is, one who refracts every mote of received light through the shattering prism of her sensibility. In the abundance of her imagination she has reminded at least one critic of Keats, but her anxiety—the anxious *luridness* of her perception—is incomparably modern. □

A Folk Tale of the Holocaust

BLAIR T. BIRMELIN

TZILI: The Story of a Life. *By Aharon Appelfeld. Translated by Dalya Bilu. E.P. Dutton. 185 pp. $12.95.*

Critical appreciations of the Israeli writer Aharon Appelfeld invariably refer to his childhood spent wandering alone over the disputed ground of the Transnistria after the Nazi push east in 1941, his mother killed and his father in a concentration camp. Concealing his Jewish identity, he worked as a shepherd; later, as the Red Army advanced through the Ukraine, he cooked in its field kitchens. When the war ended he managed to make his way down to Italy and from there to a refugee camp in Palestine; at that time he was just 13 years old.

Praising Appelfeld's latest novel, *Tzili*, to an acquaintance, I, too, brought up these facts. "But as far as judging the quality of his work," she said, "what difference does it make what kind of a childhood he had?"

If only for the insight it might afford into Appelfeld's very particular genius, I want to address that question, not beg it.

Tzili is the third of Appelfeld's novels to be published in America (six novels and six volumes of short stories have been published in Israel). *Badenheim 1939* describes the last season at a Jewish resort outside Vienna, as the guests react to the dawning knowledge of their doom. The growth of their awareness is presented as a beautiful, even lyrical *Totentanz* that sloughs off its emblematic qualities little by little, until only the grim historical reality remains. *The Age of Wonders*, despite the title, is fabulous only in its intricate construction. It takes the form of an inverted *Bildungsroman*, tracing the writer-narrator's education not forward but back to his recollected childhood at the beginning of the Holocaust, the process of writing the book being the means by which he comes to understand the past.

Tzili seems a simpler kind of novel, a folk tale with a Cinderlass at its center (his most "accessible" work to date, says the prepublication blurb); but this is only what it seems. We meet the central conundrum in the first paragraph: "Her fate was a cruel and inglorious one, and but for the fact that it actually happened we would never have been able to tell her story." We could take these words as a ploy, the tale-teller's traditional pledge that truth is stranger than fiction, were it not that behind Tzili's story is the legible outline of Appelfeld's own. And yet it is Tzili's life that he recounts, as promised, "in all simplicity."

Tzili's family is poor; she is the youngest of many brothers and sisters, and stupid, the shame of her parents, who want all their children to get an education and improve their lot. Because she cannot learn at school, her mother hires an old man from the village to teach her prayers ("Hear, O Israel"), though the family is not religious. When the Nazis come, the family flees, leaving Tzili behind to guard the house, rationalizing this desertion by assuming no one would harm a simple-minded child. While the slaughter takes place around her, Tzili hides under some sacking and is miraculously spared. The next day, wandering in the fields, she meets an old, blind peasant, who for lecherous reasons of his own identifies her as the bastard daughter of the village whore, Maria. Tzili acquiesces without understanding that as the whore's daughter, she can pass as a gentile and survive.

It is in this first third of the book, especially, that we catch echoes of the folk tradition. Like the innocent heroines of those tales, Tzili follows her fate with dumb patience, seeming to exercise neither choice nor understanding. Like Cinderlass, she must endure her period of travail in service to brutish people. The matter-of-fact tone of the narrative does not invite us to pity her, only to acknowledge the hardness of her plight: as a consequence, we listen in comfort as we might to the tale of the Seven Swans or Dapplegrim.

Eventually Tzili meets a man named Mark, who is hiding in a swamp. He has escaped from one of the camps, leaving his wife and children behind. Recognizing Tzili as a fellow Jew, he marvels at her ability to go unharmed among the peasants. "What did you do to change yourself?" he asks, as though magic had been the means of her salvation.

Blair T. Birmelin's book reviews have appeared in The Literary Review, The San Francisco Review of Books *and other magazines.*

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Appelfeld portrays their relationship as little more than a mutual appeasing of fear and hunger and loneliness. Yet we gradually begin to sense a different quality of focus here; the earlier simplicity gives way to a more complex narrative stance. For it is Mark who delivers to Tzili the conscious realization of her Jewishness and of her loss, while he, who sees only his loss and his Jewishness, is brought, through her, to an understanding of his humanity. All this we comprehend indirectly, and the episode goes by almost before we realize the nature of their deeper need for each other and how central it is to the book's story. From this point, the folk tale quickly unravels: Mark is no prince, and there is no happy ending. Crazed by the intractability of his fate, Mark goes down among the peasants to his death, and Tzili, pregnant with his child, is alone again.

The tone of this section is still matter-of-fact, but here the most incidental details carry their burden of meaning. When Tzili and Mark first meet and she offers to take some of his clothes to the peasants in exchange for food, he opens his rucksack:

> His clothes, his wife's and children's clothes. He spread them out slowly, like a merchant displaying his wares on the counter.
>
> Tzili shuddered at the sight of the little garments spotted with food stains. Mark spread them out without any order and they steamed and gave off a stench of mildew and sour-sweet. "We must dry them," said Mark in a businesslike tone. "Otherwise they'll rot." He added: "I'll give you my coat. It's a good coat, pure wool. I bought it a year ago. I hope you'll be able to get me some cigarettes for it."

In the last third of the book, Tzili takes up with a small band of camp survivors. "Now she saw them from close up: thin, speechless, and withdrawn." No longer is Appelfeld the simple tale-teller, nor is he really speaking through the perceptions of his heroine, for Tzili has become little more than a symbol of endurance. We are conscious now of the author himself, of the flow of his recollections, of how a man named Zigi Baum who had deserted his family "rose into the air and with a broad, slow movement cast himself into the water." Or how a conscientious engineering student, determined to waste no more time, suddenly walked away from his fellow survivors to sign

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up as soon as possible for the next semester at school, "the way people walked toward the railway in former days, with brisk purposeful steps."

The end is almost cursory. After her child is stillborn in a refugee hospital in Zagreb, Tzili travels south and embarks for Palestine in the company of fat Linda, who has learned her Yiddish as a concentration camp entertainer. The boat pulls out, and Linda, high on brandy, sings lullabies in her native Hungarian, while all night people take their revenge against the camp collaborators and informers. Despite the journey's goal, this last brief scene suggests only chaos and despair, as if hope were not to be voiced unless in a common language and with a common purpose. Appelfeld refuses to idealize Zionist aspirations, but the suggestion is nonetheless here that Hebrew and the state of Israel will be the survivors' salvation.

If *Tzili*'s folk-tale form has a metaphorical value, it has a utilitarian one as well, for by it Appelfeld distances himself from his own story and achieves an objectivity that would not have been possible otherwise. But more significant than the form itself is how it is altered in the course of the book, how what seems to be metaphor is disturbed, pushed off that point of magically being two things at once. Thus the folk tale becomes the story of Tzili and Mark, which finally becomes Appelfeld's own—as if there were only that one last hard reality and all else were an accommodation to it. Because in the final analysis Appelfeld never asks that we take him on faith, he is not a tale-teller, but a witness. □

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BOOK NOTES.

THE OTHER BRITAIN. *Edited by Paul Barker. Routledge & Kegan Paul. 276 pp. $22.50. Paper $10.95.* It's been a bad couple of years for Britain's public image, what with the Royal Wedding, the Royal Birth, the Royal Christening and (from Prince Andrew) the Royal Dirty Weekend, not to mention *Brideshead Revisited*, *Chariots of Fire* and the Falklands. In case you are beginning to believe that every Englishman is a blathering character out of P.G. Wodehouse, here is a book to set you straight.

The Other Britain, a collection of essays from *New Society* magazine, offers pieces on vegetarians, punks, skins, anarchists, miners and other odd men and women out. The mood, as editor Barker admits, is voguishly bleak. The garish and dehumanized place depicted here sounds a lot like Eliot's Wasteland as it might be featured in a Rupert Murdoch tabloid—a seedy and morose place peopled with whoring housewives and adolescent Nazis.

Many of the writers come from Oxford and Cambridge and tend to take their assignments too seriously and their prejudices too liberally. Women, for instance, fare badly. In "Red Light District," Paul Harrison nonchalantly explains his difficulty in recognizing prostitutes: "After all, lots of ordinary girls tart themselves up and look at you suggestively." Popular youth movements don't do much better: "The Clash and the Sex Pistols are incompetents even in a field where gifted musicianship is an extreme rarity," announces Peter Marsh in "Dole-Queue Rock." And political sympathies are at times askew. Barker respects the plight of Britain's Asian population but still muses, "You can see why some might vote for fascist candidates."

Yet several sensitive and informative pieces devoted to the less than glittering lives of the British working people stand out. Eileen Fairweather on Ulster's Long Kesh prison, Michael Williams on Toxteth, Ian Walker and Paul Harrison on football hooligans and Tom Forester on the failing mining industry, among others, all present eloquent portraits of a marginalized society.

Virginia Cannon

LUCY AUDUBON: A Biography. *By Carolyn Delatte. Louisiana State University Press. 256 pp. $15.95.* Lucy Audubon, wife of the naturalist John James Audubon, presents the classic case of a footnote to a career. In her case, however, the footnote enabled the career, for by supporting her family—at a time when middle-class women seldom did so—she allowed her husband to make his mark.

Born in rural England, Lucy emigrated to Pennsylvania with her family, married Audubon in 1808 and moved with him to a succession of frontier towns in Kentucky and Louisiana. After Audubon failed as a tradesman and devoted himself to painting birds, Lucy parlayed her liberal education—rare enough for a woman of her day—into a school-teaching career. Eventually, after years of separation and poverty, she worked with her husband selling his work.

In this painstaking and detailed reconstruction of her life, Carolyn Delatte stresses repeatedly that Lucy's true, typically nineteenth-century desire was domestic stability. Rather than seeking a life of independence, she had independence thrust upon her; she gladly tossed it aside when circumstances permitted. No model of feminism, then, in *Lucy Audubon*, but a satisfying and modest story of patience rewarded, love returned, effort ennobling.

Suzanne Mantell

TOUCHSTONES: Letters Between Two Women, 1953-1964. *By Patricia Frazer Lamb and Kathryn Joyce Hohlwein. Harper & Row. 330 pp. $14.95.* This fat book of letters between college friends shows in fine detail the lives of two young women of the prefeminist era. Frazer and Hohlwein started writing to each other as uncertain newlyweds, prone to such wide-eyed remarks as "Aren't we marvelously fortunate in having found great husbands . . . and going to such great places instead of settling in some dull suburb?" From Africa, Beirut and Salt Lake City they write of everything from childbearing and housekeeping to (a few years later) careers and love affairs. As both women grow increasingly frus-

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trated with the sexual and intellectual constrictions of their marriages, the letters become more urgent: "God, what a shambles my neat tidy little planned-out life has suddenly become" writes Frazer to Hohlwein, and one is not surprised—or disappointed—to learn that both eventually divorce. Though certain years seem to stand as time capsules of banality, the end of the book, with its moving awakening to self-knowledge and strength, makes the whole collection come alive.

Elizabeth Royte

ART.

SHEILA SINCLAIR

Roy DeCarava

With last summer's major retrospective at New York City's Witkin Gallery, February's one-man show at the Studio Museum of Harlem, a recently published monograph and catalogue, speaking engagements at the Metropolitan Museum of Art and an upcoming television documentary on his work, the photographer Roy DeCarava has finally come into his own.

To describe DeCarava as neglected would be an overstatement. In fact, he's had a long and impressive career: early recognition by Edward Steichen, a Guggenheim Fellowship in 1952, more than a dozen one-man exhibits and the now classic book *The Sweet Flypaper of Life*, his loving tribute to Harlem family life with a text by Langston Hughes. But the parts have not added up to a sustained whole. Not a studio photographer like James Van Der Zee, a maker of glossy portraits like Gordon Parks, an encyclopedic Baedeker of urban life like Atget, nor even, in spite of many affinities, a narrative artist like Cartier-Bresson, DeCarava has explored a range of approaches without wholly adopting any. That refusal to settle into an easily defined category may have cost him a wider reputation, for an artist who can't be comfortably discussed within the current critical vocabulary tends not to be discussed very often.

The recent Studio Museum of Harlem exhibition, "The Sound I Saw: The Jazz Photographs of Roy DeCarava," and the accompanying catalogue provide a good introduction to the many-sided DeCarava. Here we can trace the working out of his distinctive visual vocabulary and chart his growing mastery of what, following Cartier-Bresson, he calls "the decisive moment": that instant when all the elements of an image fuse into an expressive whole.

DeCarava, who began photographing jazz performers in the late 1950s, initially seems to have been primarily interested in the technical challenge of his task—that is, how to bring a formal polish and control to the spontaneity of candid photography. In the 1960 study "Coltrane and Elvin," for example, he brings off a stunning double portrait by placing Coltrane's head in profile at the right edge of the frame, using the curve of his saxophone along the bottom to bracket the out-of-focus figure of Elvin Jones in the background. Curiously, it is the reduction of Jones to a blur that holds the image together. The two shapes—one a dramatically looming head, the other a mere suggestion of form and light—balance each other.

In "Coltrane #24" (1963), DeCarava moves beyond the precise plotting of the earlier picture to the subtleties of psychological portraiture. Shot from below, Coltrane fills the frame: his shoulders, the top of his head and the bell of his saxophone brush the edges of the photograph. Shoulders hunched, eyes shut, brow furrowed in concentration, the saxophone trembling with the intensity of his playing, he seems on the verge of eruption. Gone are the neat symmetries of "Coltrane and Elvin," in their place a heated immediacy and dynamism.

Though probably best known for his documentary work, DeCarava has always said he dislikes the genre for asking too many esthetic compromises for the sake of narrative cohesion. So the organization of "The Sound I Saw" around the "theme" of jazz is something of an irony. But if DeCarava cannot escape his fate, he can at least transform it, by offering us a personal view of the world of jazz: the fevered performances (the cliché "sweating bullets" takes on fresh meaning from these pictures), the after-hours quiet of Billie Holiday and Hazel Scott entertaining friends at a party, the whisky-and-soda anguish of a saloon singer, the high-flying insouciance of Errol Garner at the piano.

"The Sound I Saw" offers only a partial view of DeCarava's work; *Roy DeCarava: Photographs* (Matrix/The Friends of Photography, $39.50) gives us the rest. Here are intimate portraits, social documentation, panoramic cityscapes and formalist studies. We can follow his deepening mastery of a style that fuses formal concerns with a powerful narrative drive. And in emphasizing what one critic has called the minor end of the tonal scale, the deep grays and blacks, DeCarava has found both his subject and his style—his subject *in* his style.

DeCarava's rendering of dark spaces is more than a superb technician's tour de force. His invitation to gaze into darkness challenges us to confront the hidden aspects of ourselves. "Man with two shovels"—a great, hulking figure almost enveloped in darkness, his face flickering in the shadows—fascinates as it frightens, reminding us of the unsolved mystery that is every human being. And "Hallway" calls up primal memories of all the spooky corridors we've ever nervously walked.

For DeCarava the image is also the distillation of the frightening hallways of a childhood spent in tenements. The photographer's level gaze down the length of this infernal tunnel lays the ghosts within, and by some special grace transforms terror into beauty. □

Sheila Sinclair is a freelance writer on art and design.

FILMS.

ROBERT HATCH

Britannia Hospital
Tales of Ordinary Madness

The British have a particular gift for ridiculing their institutions, governors and national habit of mind. It is an ingratiating trait, though it sometimes dissolves indignation in laughter. That is hardly the intent of *Britannia Hospital*, the third satire (after *If. . .* and *O Lucky Man!*) Lindsay Anderson has directed from a script by David Sherwin. They are entertaining collaborators, prolific with zany disasters, but their revels are grim.

Britannia today is what the film is about. The action occurs on a gala day for the hospital, the 500th anniversary of its founding by Queen Elizabeth. A new wing is to be opened, and the Queen Mother will lend her presence. But it is also an inauspicious day. Bombs are ex-

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ploding across the city and casualties are flooding the emergency room. To make matters worse, the unionized nursing, kitchen and maintenance staffs are calling work stoppages, and outside the gates a tumultuous mob of black and white protesters is demanding the expulsion of an African potentate from the hospital's private wing. The privileges of wealth are anathema to workers and demonstrators both, and before the day is over, the two groups will coalesce.

The guardians of Britannia are of two sorts. First, there are the administrators and medical directors, who dash about quelling insurrections like scouts stamping on sparks in a firestorm. Their leader (Leonard Rossiter) is a blustering appeaser, ever-hopeful that small concessions will bring lasting harmony. After one such deal, a voice cries out "Britannia belongs to the people!" It sounds less than reassuring.

The other group is a band of visionaries, oblivious to chaos and bent on creating the man of the future, who will make Homo sapiens as obsolete as Pithecanthropus. Its driving spirits are a mad professor (Graham Crowden) and his lieutenant (Jill Bennett), who is equally deaf to reason. Much of their work involves the dismemberment and reconstitution of comatose bodies, a technique first popularized by Dr. Frankenstein. Here the satire cuts closest to the quick, for their confident dispatch and resentment of advice evoke the posture of Margaret Thatcher.

The professor has a second experiment in train, which he reveals at the dedication of the wing. It is an autonomous brain, somewhat larger than a haystack, which pulses glutinously and, when stimulated, quotes Hamlet on his melancholy. Finally, the disembodied superintelligence takes to croaking "How like a god!" over and over. On this ironic note the movie ends.

During the preparations for the Queen Mother's arrival, her lady-in-waiting (played with intimidating masculine dignity by John Bett) hopes that "nothing offensive" will occur. She hopes in vain, for *Britannia Hospital* is consistently offensive to aristocratic norms of propriety; at times it will even dismay less delicate sensibilities. It is a randy, often hilarious picture, but that is only the half of it. It means to upset applecarts.

Tales of Ordinary Madness, now in a commercial run, was the opening feature of a New York retrospective, The Outrageous Films of Marco Ferrari. He is a director known to me for *La Grande Bouffe*, an indisputably outrageous film, wherein Phillipe Noiret, Michel Piccoli, Marcello Mastroianni and Ugo Tognazzi undertake to gorge themselves to death. The new picture, though, is less outrageous than outdated.

Ferrari drew his script from a collection of short stories by West Coast poet Charles Bukowski. Judging from the one included in the press kit, I would guess that, however unwisely, he solicits comparison to Henry Miller and James M. Cain.

Bukowski's alter ego in the movie is Charles Serking, a middle-aged Hollywood slum poet who celebrates the underdog and condemns nuclear war in verse that appears to have a mesmerizing effect on young women. He proclaims his emancipation from middle-class shackles by drinking wine from bottles clutched in paper bags, sleeping in his clothes and throwing empty beer cans at targets of opportunity. Ben Gazzara has a nice, easy time with the part.

In the fortnight or so that we tag along with him on his unsteady course from pad to beach to jail to bar to flophouse, Serking picks up five women. The first, a teen-age runaway, rolls him after he has drunk too deep of the paper bag. The second, a sexual hysteric, invites him to have a bath in her flat and calls the cops while he is soaking. The third is obese and kittenish; he tries vainly to return to her womb. The fourth is Cass (Ornella Muti), a whore of gentle manner and direct approach, and for a time it seems they have found a haven in each other.

But the convent-bred Cass is a woman ill at ease, and she expresses discontent with life by mutilating herself with broken glass and a blanket pin. Serking goes to New York, lured by a publishing firm that maintains a literal stable of authors, each hack in a sunlit cubicle. He tosses a few beer cans to express his distaste and hurries home to his beloved skid row. A bartender tells him Cass has cut her throat.

Serking is inconsolable for a full twenty-four hours. When last seen, he is bargaining with a nubile beach child: he will recite several lines of verse if she will show him her breasts. I suppose this film is meant to strike a blow against the hypocrisies and injustices of prudent society. But it is a flaccid blow, cruel only in its easy sympathy for the misfits, and scornful of women. □

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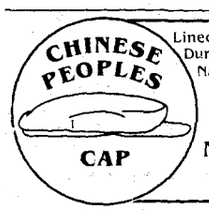

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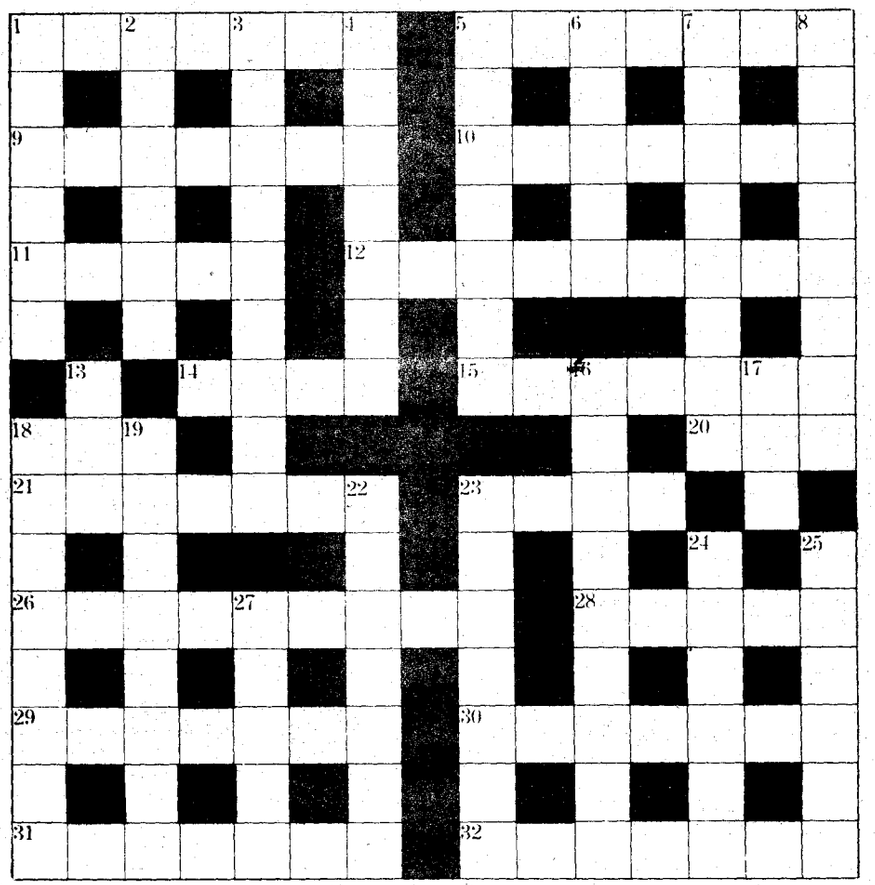

ACROSS

1 Tin (rather than brass) monkeys? They're precedent, of course! (7)
5 and 1 down Where the winner has to get up and down a lot. (The conservatory might have them.) (7,6)
9 A wild bear is a logical point of takeoff for defense. (3,4)
10 A word of warning when the first part of the contest is completed; some racers step out in front with it. (7)
11 This might be seen in some games. (5)
12 A little thread is made by it, but Peter's wrong about the place for accommodations. (9)
14 and 24 Half of a once-popular TV production—a comforter on flight. (10)
15 Play school for this? (7)
18 This spirit in Germany is just over ten. (3)
20 See 13 down
21 and 23 All the clubs, for example, where you might expect to find Hornblower? (7-4)
26 Examiners should be good—swearing this way! (9)
28 Chevy Chase associated with this to burn! (5)
29 Pectins might be responsible for it, as the good lookers might. (7)
30 Having certain views, with nothing to pin on the gin-sling. (7)
31 Reagan, for example—the type that makes demands! (7)
32 A very profound coterie—and such eyes! (4-3)

DOWN

1 See 5 across
2 Racial type made obvious by pronunciation or diction. (6)
3 A rope might be, or a complete drama. (Performed in Hollywood Bowl, for example?) (6,3)
4 What one possibly does with a mat might be not quite relative. (7)
5 Have something to eat when you get in, with certain mistakes about it. (7)
6 One might be attractive, but alarming. (5)
7 State the degree of shade with a certain amount of trouble. (8)
8 Makes a legal hit, but it might be sought at the bar. (5,3)
13, 20 and 27 A type of 8 down at first, offering a complaint with the metal odor. (11)
16 The Inca, or possibly another type in a solitary place. (9)
17 and 25 Noah? Jenny might have an association with him. (9)
18 Make par? (8)
19 It makes an Asian fat, being possibly irregular and somewhat florid. (8)
22 One way to make rioters revel. (7)
23 The first or last each might have a recognizable bark, but it's ornamental. (7)
24 See 14 across
25 See 17
27 See 13

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

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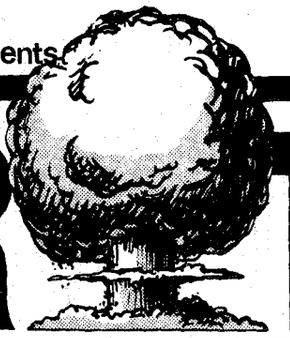

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